The Literary Digest

FOR FEBRUARY 20, 1937

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Contents

ENGINEERING 19
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY..... 36
FOREIGN COMMENT 10
LETTERS AND ART..... 25
ODD JOBS..... 28
OFF-SIDE 32
PARADE 16
PARLOR TRICKS..... 21
PRESS 30
PSYCHOLOGY 22
RELIGION 29
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE..... 17
SOCIAL SCIENCE..... 31
SPORTS 33
STAGE AND SCREEN..... 23
THE SPICE OF LIFE..... 40
TOPICS IN BRIEF..... 9
TOPICS OF THE DAY..... 3

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Mail

Smudged

By FRANK G. HOWARD—

On January 21, about the coldest night we have had in Southern California this year, there were no less than 14,000,000 smudge pots burning, with an estimated 1,000,000 gallons of fuel oil consumed.

In your issue of January 23, you state that in one night there were 2,700 car-loads, or 27,000,000 gallons of oil consumed. I would like to know where you got your statistics.

Time was when a person could read THE LITERARY DIGEST and put some credence in what he found. Now, after reading an article, you can not tell if it is true or not.

Los Angeles, California.

The figures used in THE LITERARY DIGEST were obtained from the California Fruit Growers Exchange, a cooperative group representing 87 per cent of California fruit growers.—*Editor.*

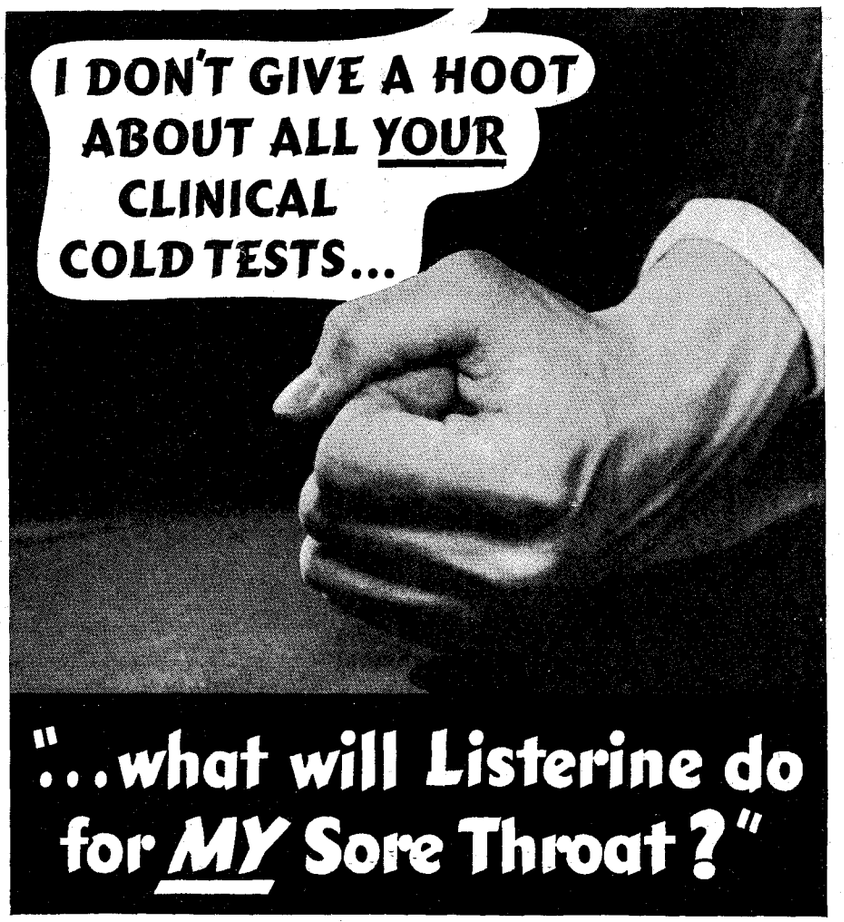
Vote of Thanks

By FRANCIS E. MILLER—

I owe you a vote of thanks for the article "Exposing the Frauds and Swindles" which appeared in the issue of January 9.

I wrote to Mr. Kenner, head of New York's Better Business Bureau, told him of dealings

(Continued on page 39)



WHEN your life is being made miserable by a cold, your interest in scientific facts about this disease is apt to be at low ebb.

You want relief and you want it rapidly; and highest medical authorities say that neither can be promised with absolute certainty. *For no single remedy,* whether it be vaccine, vitamin, drug, or treatment, *has ever been proved infallible.*

Why Gargle With Listerine Antiseptic?

Beginning in 1930, we opened an annual series of Clinical Cold Tests under medical supervision. This repeated research uncovered results which were definite and clear-cut: *Those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds ...and got rid of them faster...than non-garglers!*

Note that this does not mean that every gargler escaped colds entirely; or that you can. But note also that it does establish, as a scientific probability, the fact that you can materially cut down your chances of catching cold...and materially reduce the severity of the colds you do catch ... by repeated daily gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

It is wise, therefore, to guard against the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat by guarding against infection. Listerine helps you do so by sharply reducing on the surface of the mouth and throat, the germs associated with such illness.

During bad weather or after exposure, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at least several times a day. At the first threat of rawness in the throat, gargle every two hours. Prompt action may "abort" the cold and save you much needless suffering. If the condition continues without relief, be sure to consult your doctor.

A Habit That Is Good For You

For years, long before Listerine Antiseptic was ever advertised in national magazines or newspapers, many millions of bottles were purchased solely on the prescription of physicians. Dentists likewise directed patients to use Listerine in case of oral disorder.

No one can say how many millions of these people have continued the regular use of Listerine as a daily hygienic habit. For, what else gives such a satisfying feeling of well-being in the mouth as Listerine? Just a swish, and the taint of food debris and smoking disappears. Tongue and teeth seem washed clean. Musty mouth gives way before the good clean taste of Listerine.

This rinsing and gargling is good for you, too, because full-strength Listerine reduces surface germs to minimum. The actual bacterial reduction, in one series of laboratory tests, averaged 92.9 per cent fifteen minutes after using Listerine.

One caution: When you ask for Listerine Antiseptic, be sure you get Listerine, if you want *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste.*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

All surface germs which it reaches are almost instantly destroyed by full-strength Listerine Antiseptic. It kills not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

FIRST POLICY ISSUED, FEBRUARY 1, 1843—NINETY-FOUR YEARS AGO

COMPLETING 94 years of Security and Service, The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, the First American Life Insurance Company to Issue a Policy, had Assets on December 31, 1936 of $1,308,278,819, an Increase of $69,239,255 over 1935.

Payments to Policyholders and their Beneficiaries in 1936 amounted to $133,381,385.

New and additional Insurance amounted to $250,663,340, bringing the Company's total Insurance in Force on December 31, 1936 to $3,712,259,614, the first increase since 1930.

The Company has set aside from its 1936 Gains in Operations $25,024,520 for Dividends to Policyholders in 1937 and its Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies stood on December 31, 1936 at $61,520,866 as compared with $55,769,831 in 1935.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1936

ASSETS	Per cent	
Cash	4.28	$ 55,989,728.76
United States Government bonds	20.46	267,668,754.96
State, County and Municipal bonds	4.33	56,714,710.28
Canadian Government, Provincial and Municipal bonds	.72	9,402,107.40
Other Foreign Government bonds	.08	1,057,897.22
Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial bonds	31.92	417,596,990.24
Preferred and Guaranteed stocks	1.70	22,190,775.00
Mortgage Loans (at cost)	17.20	224,990,118.64
Real Estate (at cost or less)	4.24	55,501,453.75
Policy Loans	12.74	166,624,777.05
Premiums in course of Collection and Reinsurance due from other Companies	1.17	15,297,971.40
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1.16	15,243,534.55
Total Admitted Assets		$1,308,278,819.25

LIABILITIES AND RESERVES	
Policy Reserves	$1,131,251,577.00
Supplementary Contract Reserves	65,970,402.11
Other Policy Liabilities	13,719,192.19
Premiums, Interest and Rents paid in advance	4,242,936.91
Miscellaneous Liabilities	4,136,221.51
Reserve for Taxes	2,314,665.31
Set aside for Dividends in 1937	25,024,520.28
Reserve for Future Deferred Dividends	98,437.51
Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies	61,520,866.43
Total	$1,308,278,819.25

Bonds subject to amortization under Section 18 of the New York Insurance Laws were taken at their amortized, i.e. their book values. Non-amortized bonds and preferred stocks were taken at market values at December 31, 1936, published under the auspices of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*

34 Nassau Street, New York

Do you know the value of acquaintanceship with a Mutual Life Agency Representative? Decide today to see and welcome the one who may call on you, if only to request the interesting booklet, "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing." Or send for it to the address above.

FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK FEBRUARY 20, 1937

Topics of the day

COURT PLAN LEAPS OVER PARTY LINES

Nation Splits Into Pros and Antis Over Roosevelt Move

"If the American people accept this last audacity of the President without letting out a yell to high heaven, they have ceased to be jealous of their liberties and are ripe for ruin. This is the beginning of pure personal Government. . . ."

"Out of dozens of suggestions for dealing with the Supreme Court, President Roosevelt has adopted the mildest. His proposition does not tinker with the Constitution. It does not curb the Supreme Court's powers in any respect. . . ."

Thus eloquently, two newspaper commentators—Dorothy Thompson and Raymond Clapper—last week illustrated a cleavage of sincere conviction which had divided all Americans for and against the President's plan to enlarge the Supreme Court.

In Congress, party labels lost their meaning. Progressive Sen. Robert La Follette of Wisconsin came out for the proposal; old-line Democratic Sen. Tom Connally of Texas, with the hearty approval of both branches of the Lone Star Legislature, bucked his way out of the Democratic corral and joined the "irreconcilables." Democratic Senators Wheeler of Montana and Clark of Missouri also alined themselves with the antis. Sen. Carter Glass of Virginia served notice he would lead the battle against the White House on the floor. And not even the persuasive Roosevelt smile and logic could swing Democratic Senators Burke of Nebraska, Van Nuys of Indiana and King of Utah back into the party traces.

By the end of the week, the line-up in the upper chamber stood: 30 pro-Roosevelt; 31 anti-Roosevelt, 35 unpredictable.

Meantime, it was becoming more and more obvious that the White House baby might remain a long time on the none too hospitable door-step of Chairman Henry F. Ashurst's Senate Judiciary Committee before being taken in. In the House, no such reluctance to obey the President's bidding was in evidence.

Hatton W. Summers, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, encountered little opposition in pushing through (315 to 75) his bill permitting Supreme Court Justices to retire at seventy with full pay for life. But having enacted this logical prelude to the Roosevelt legislation, he announced that he would have to postpone until this week consideration by his committee of the Administration bill, because "the visibility is poor . . . and the wind is not in the right direction."

Blizzard—Visibility was even poorer in the Senate, clouded over by a blizzard of letters and telegrams from constituents who recalled no Court proviso in their November mandate, and by a growing uneasiness among Congressmen over seventy. If, the wiseacres sniggered, the Administration believed that "new facts become blurred through old glasses fitted, as it were, for the needs of another generation," why did not the rule apply to lawmakers as well as law interpreters, to Congressmen as well as to judges?

At seventy-nine, Carter Glass, the Virginia game-cock, is just beginning a six-year term in the Senate; Sen. George Norris of Nebraska, "the real father of the TVA," is seventy-five. William E. Borah, Ellison D. Smith, William H. King, Arthur Capper, Hiram Johnson, William G. McAdoo, James Hamilton Lewis—all of these nationally known names belong to Senators aged seventy or more. Two Senate "freshmen," James H. Hughes of Delaware, and Theodore F. Green of Rhode Island, have both gone beyond the Biblical three-score and ten. In the House of Representatives, at least twenty-two men have passed, or will see before their present terms expire, the judicial dead-line.

Patriarchal Poser—Members of this patriarchal bloc must have asked themselves how, after being chosen by millions to sit in Congress, they could conscientiously say that Federal judges should retire from the bench at seventy.

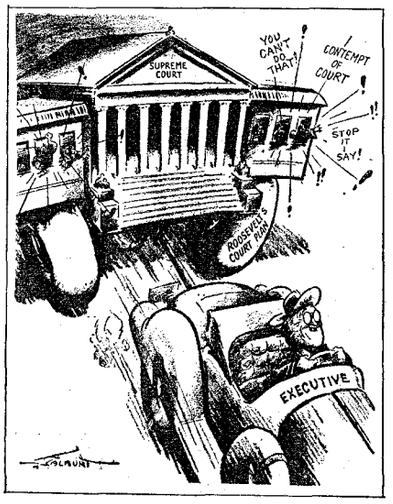
Young or old, both friends and opponents of the plan, were reminding each other last week that even if the proposal does go through, it does not necessarily follow that new Court appointees will agree with the President on all of his views. History shows that work on the high tribunal often makes liberals of conservatives and conservatives of liberals.

Theodore Roosevelt made careful inquiries into the background of Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1902 to satisfy himself that he was not appointing a conservative to the Supreme Court. Yet in the famous Northern Securities case, Holmes displayed complete independence of intellect by voting contrary to "Teddy's" opinions. William Johnson, the first Associate Justice to be appointed following Thomas Jefferson's smashing triumph over the Federalists in 1800, proved to be no more in sympathy with the President on certain matters than John Adams or Alexander Hamilton had been.

To-day, Democrat McReynolds is consistently opposed to Democrat Roosevelt, while Republican Stone—appointed by Coolidge—upholds the President more often than he opposes him.

In the controversy which has raged since the day President Roosevelt revealed his plan,* liberals have found themselves in

* A plan which he has been turning over in his mind for a year and a half, it was disclosed last week.



"HASN'T THIS TRAILER CRAZE GONE FAR ENOUGH?"
—Talburt in Washington Daily News

"ONE WAY OF HANDLING A SIT-DOWN STRIKE"
—Doyle in Philadelphia Record

"GABRIEL?"
—Elderman in Washington Post

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a mutually uncomfortable alliance with conservatives. But whereas the former condemn the idea because it smacks of "dictatorship" and "executive control" of the courts, liberal thought is reluctant to accept half a loaf. Typical of this viewpoint is the opinion of the Dean of the Yale School of Law, Charles E. Clark. The proposal does not touch the fundamental questions of conflicts between the executive, legislative and judicial power, he holds, and asks "nothing short of a well-devised Constitutional amendment."

Oldsters Keep Up — Newspapers, almost unanimous in their opposition to the President, pounced eagerly upon a bit of research performed in the National Capital by a reporter on the Washington *Post*. It showed that thirty-four Federal district court dockets were lagging on July 30, 1936, but that in only four of that number were the judges more than seventy years old.

"Altho the President in his recent message to Congress justified his plan for naming additional judges for those beyond seventy years by the congestion existing in the Federal courts," said the report, "the survey showed no apparent relationship between aged judges and congested dockets. The heaviest congestion seemed to be in court districts comprising the largest centers of population, and only exceptionally where the judge was beyond seventy years old.

"Altogether, the President could name only eleven district judges under his plan this year."

The survey might have included further pertinent information regarding inferior courts, aged justices, and the New Deal. For example, two Federal district court judges who ruled the NRA unconstitutional are each fifty-six, one who upheld it is seventy; the Wagner Labor Relations Act was supported by one judge aged sixty-six, thrown out by another aged fifty-three.

The National Broadcasting Company decided last week that there was sufficient interest in the Supreme Court issue to justify a national radio debate on the subject. In Washington, Sen. Hugo L. Black of Alabama, supporting the President, tangled with Sen. William H. King of Utah. In New York, Rep. Maury Maverick of Texas took on Frederick H. Wood, opposing the plan. In Chicago, an assortment of two judges and three lawyers joined the oratorical scramble. By means of an elaborate hook-up which enabled the speakers to answer each other from city to city, a New York audience heckled all nine of the debaters.

Clergy—Clergymen, too, decided that the issue merited discussion. Bishop William T. Manning (Episcopal), of New York: "I will only say that in my judgment we face one of the most serious situations in our whole history, a situation which involves our religious liberties as well as our civil liberties, for all experience shows that these two stand or fall together."

Bishop Ernest Lynn Waldorf (Methodist), of Chicago: "It would be unfortunate and even dangerous to our national life if a majority of our citizens should regard this proposal as a political measure."

No foreign newspapers could find sufficient importance in President Roosevelt's judiciary proposal to get out extras, tear open front pages. The story took its place along with other world matters, sometimes landing on page two or under small headlines. Sample comments:

© Harris & Ewing

"Visibility poor . . . and wind in the wrong direction," think Chairmen Summers (left) and Ashurst of the House and Senate Judiciary Committees

Italy—*Giornale d'Italia* (Rome) printed a half-column dispatch under a London dateline, while the morning *Il Messaggero* (Rome) and the morning *Corriere della Sera* (Milan) used a half column United Press cable from Washington. In all three cases, the story carried a small head-line, was placed on the lower half of the page. Regarded purely as an internal American affair, President Roosevelt's proposal was looked on with sympathy, as Italians found suggested reorganization for New Deal legislation changing relations between capital and labor as akin to Fascist achievements in Italy.

Sweden—Swedish reaction was light, interest being centered on the Moscow trial. It was believed the President would win. The governmental *Social Demokraten* published the story on an inside page under a one-column head. The conservative *Svenska Dagbladet* front-paged the story under a four-column head: "Brave Attack against High Court." The liberal *Dagens Nyheter* also displayed the story on page one under the head-line: "Roosevelt Condemns Judicial System in the United States." Communist papers did not mention the story.

Germany—Nazi editors found the issue splendid grist for editorial comment. The *Lokal Anzeiger* splashed the story under a streamer, "Roosevelt's Surprizing Thrust," carrying more than one column under a New York date-line. *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* carried one and a half columns on the front page and an editorial based on Roosevelt's words from his 1933 inaugural address, "Action and Action Now!" *Volkischer Beobachter* carried the story inside under a small head, "Roosevelt's Sensational Offensive." *Boersen-Zeitung* second paged the issue under a two-column head, "Roosevelt Demands Federal Judiciary Reform." The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in a one-column editorial, "From Washington to Roosevelt," traced the historical evolution of the Supreme Court's "unusual powers, which have frequently puzzled Germans." The trend of the National Socialists is dislike for all constitutions. Their judges retire at sixty-eight. The *Berliner Tageblatt* suggests the Supreme Court will nullify the proposed law, and that a Constitutional amendment will be needed.

Russia—*Izvestia* on February 9 carried a three-inch story on page one, "Tass Report on the Roosevelt Proposal." There was no mention of President Roosevelt's proposal in any other newspaper. No editorials appeared anywhere, no officials commented.

Japan—The single paper to editorialize was *Asahi:* "President Roosevelt's proposal is timely when one considers that Supreme Court practises are based on the Constitution which was drafted when the nation was founded. The judges seemingly fail to understand the spirit of the present age, which is one of general advancement."

Argentina—The English-language *Herald* was the only paper to comment on the President's message. In an editorial it said that President Roosevelt's proposals for reorganization of the Federal Court system "made for greater efficiency."

Brazil—Newspapers devoted themselves to comment upon Edmundo Lins's comment upon President Roosevelt's proposals. The aged President of the Brazilian Supreme Court found the American situation "very interesting."

France—Most newspapers included long explanations and many cartoons to clarify the structure and powers of the Supreme Court. The story, however, was overshadowed in the French press by the General

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Motors strike. *Le Matin* said: "The conservatives, counting on the Supreme Court to save trade from the excesses of the New Deal, were opposed to the proposals. This discontent can be found even in the heart of the Democratic Party." *Le Temps* devoted a leading editorial in an attempt to show that the new proposals meant Roosevelt intended to force through his New Deal legislation. "However, it can not be denied that the reform will have as a consequence the weakening of the moral authority of the Supreme Court." The moderately conservative *Intransigeant* said: "The two American parties are hopelessly lost in the question of the Supreme Court. The issue may lead to a real right and left party alinement such as is found in Europe." The independent *Petit Journal:* "Roosevelt's reform proposal is undoubtedly the most important decision he has taken since his arrival in power. His recent election victory makes him hope his popularity is such that he can attack an institution which the United States has always considered sacrosanct." Leftist *L'Oeuvre* considered Roosevelt's attack "part of a general plan for giving the Executive a freer hand."

England—The proposal was received in a most kindly manner by the English press. There were several strongly favorable editorials, none opposing; the London *Times* did feel, however, that the Court plan was untimely; given when the President's motives were bound to be suspected. The initial break on the story was front-paged in most main newspapers, including the Manchester *Guardian*, the London *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Express*, *Mail* and *Herald*. The Centrist *Guardian* supported the President's proposal strongly in a column editorial. The *Herald*, Leftist, supported the program strongly, both in its news treatment and in its editorials. The Centrist *News-Chronicle* observed editorially, "Need for the proposal is obvious, but it does not touch the main issue—the revelation that the United States Constitution is not workable in emergencies."

COLUMNISTS AND THE COURT

Walter Lippmann, New York Tribune, Inc., in 130 papers: ". . . No issue so great or so deep has been raised in America since secession. No blow has been struck which, if successful, would so deeply injure the moral foundations of the Republic. There is no doubt that a great question has been raised in America. It is the question of whether the people shall be deprived of their sovereign right to give and to withhold the power their servants exercise, of whether a man, who has evaded the judgment of the people on this very question, shall by indirection become the master of all three branches of the Government and the fundamental law as well."

Raymond Clapper, Scripps - Howard chain, in twenty-four papers: "The hysterical attack upon President Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposal obscures its essential mildness. We are being treated to a bedlam of frantic shrieks not unlike those which split our ears in the Presidential campaign. . . . What has Mr. Roosevelt proposed? Changing the Constitution? No. Curbing the power of the Supreme Court? No. Requiring it to reach its decisions by a two-thirds or unanimous vote? No. Stripping it of its appellate jurisdiction? No. Tampering in any way with the power of the Court? No. . . ."

Dorothy Thompson, New York Tribune, Inc., in seventy-two papers: ". . . Don't talk of liberalism! The liberal does not believe that the end justifies the means. . . . No human being can believe in the sincerity of this proposal. It is clever in a world sick of cleverness and longing for plain talk and simple honesty. . . . Let us see whether the country, which undoubtedly wants the objectives of the New Deal, wants to have them put through by a one-man show."

Hugh S. Johnson, United Features Syndicate, in thirty-five papers: "In all the attacks on the President's plan, only the half-cocked and the hysterical have intimated that it is unconstitutional. It was so clearly provided for by the Constitution that there can be no doubt whatever of its existence."

Frank R. Kent, Baltimore Sun, in 135 papers: "Now that the shock attendant upon the sudden disclosure of the President's plan to circumvent the Constitution and seize the Supreme Court—because that is what it is—has been measurably absorbed, certain things are clear. Among them is that the true purpose of this extraordinary proposal is concealed in as able, plausible and disingenuous a document as has come from the White House in a long time. . . ."

Mark Sullivan, New York Tribune, Inc., in more than seventy papers: ". . . Between Mr. Roosevelt's action about the Federal Courts and the Michigan 'sit-down' strike, the relation may not be apparent at first glance. But the relation is fundamental in the sense that both are attacks upon the power of all the courts. Both are parts of a movement advancing on several fronts, designed to reduce, or having the effect of reducing, the authority of the judicial arm of Government and increasing the authority of the Executive. . . ."

Heywood Broun, United Features Syndicate, in forty-three papers: "This column wants to go on record as emphatically in support of President Roosevelt's suggestions for judicial reform. It still seems to me that an amendment to the Constitution is necessary. And of the varying plans, I prefer the so-called Madison Amendment which would give Congress power to override a Supreme Court veto by a two-thirds vote. But I am surprized to find some liberals lukewarm or even hostile to the President's proposals on the ground that they do not go far enough. . . . I've never understood the psychology of those who refuse the companionship of a one-mile walker because it is their intent to cover ten. . . ."

SENATE LINE-UP

Here is how the Senate stood over the week-end on the President's proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court:

For the Increase—30

Ashurst (D.), Ariz.	Guffey (D.), Pa.	Neely (D.), W.Va.
Barkley (D.), Ky.	Hayden (D.), Ariz.	Pittman (D.), Nev.
Black (D.), Ala.	Hitchcock (D.), S.D.	Pope (D.), Idaho
Bilbo (D.), Miss.	Johnson (D.), Col.	Reynolds (D.), N.C.
Bulkley (D.), Ohio	La Follette (P.), Wis.	Robinson (D.), Ark.
Bulow (D.), S.D.	Lee (D.), Okla.	Schwartz (D.), Wyo.
Byrnes (D.), S.C.	Lundeen (F.-L.), Minn.	Schwellenbach (D.), Wash.
Caraway (D.), Ark.	McAdoo (D.), Calif.	Sheppard (D.), Tex.
Ellender (D.), La.	McKellar (D.), Tenn.	Thomas (D.), Okla.
Green (D.), R.I.	Minton (D.), Ind.	Thomas (D.), Utah

Against the Increase—31

Adams (D.), Col.	Donahey (D.), Ohio	McNary (R.), Ore.
Austin (R.), Vt.	Frazier (R.), N.D.	Moore (D.), N.J.
Bailey (D.), N.C.	Gerry (D.), R.I.	Smith (D.), S.C.
Borah (R.), Idaho	Gibson (R.), Vt.	Steiwer (R.), Ore.
Bridges (R.), N.H.	Gillette (D.), Iowa	Townsend (R.), Del.
Burke (D.), Neb.	Glass (D.), Va.	Vandenberg (R.), Mich.
Byrd (D.), Va.	Hale (R.), Maine	Van Nuys (D.), Ind.
Capper (R.), Kans.	Holt (D.), W.Va.	Wheeler (D.), Mont.
Clark (D.), Mo.	Johnson (R.), Calif.	White (R.), Maine
Connally (D.), Tex.	King (D.), Utah	
Davis (R.), Pa.	Lodge (R.), Mass.	

Unpredictable—35

Andrews (D.), Fla.	Hatch (D.), N.M.	O'Mahoney (D.), Wyo.
Bachman (D.), Tenn.	Herring (D.), Iowa	Overton (D.), La.
Bankhead (D.), Ala.	Hughes (D.), Del.	Pepper (D.), Fla.
Bone (D.), Wash.	Lewis (D.), Ill.	Radcliffe (D.), Md.
Brown (D.), N.H.	Logan (D.), Ky.	Russell (D.), Ga.
Brown (D.), Mich.	Lonergan (D.), Conn.	Shipstead (F.-L.), Minn.
Chavez (D.), N.M.	Maloney (D.), Conn.	Smathers (D.), N.J.
Copeland (D.), N.Y.	McCarran (D.), Nev.	Truman (D.), Mo.
Dieterich (D.), Ill.	McGill (D.), Kans.	Tydings (D.), Md.
Duffy (D.), Wis.	Murray (D.), Mont.	Wagner (D.), N.Y.
George (D.), Ga.	Norris (I.), Neb.	Walsh (D.), Mass.
Harrison (D.), Miss.	Nye (R.), N.D.	

STAMP FACES: South Aroused Over Sherman Commemoration, But Lee Will Follow

This week, you'll see new faces on the traditionally purple 3-cent stamps.

In the third issue of Postmaster General Farley's commemorative hero series, the Army is represented by Generals William Tecumseh Sherman, Ulysses Simpson Grant and Philip Sheridan; the Navy by Admirals David Glasgow Farragut and David D. Porter.

During the past four years, smiling Jim Farley has discovered that it's easier to be manager of a political party than to dictate the issue of stamps. At the moment, South Carolina and Georgia Legislators are howling about General Sherman being included on the February 3-center.

Protests—"This very building shows marks of his attack upon Columbia," thundered Rep. John A. May in the State Capitol of South Carolina.

Georgia Legislators were all for outlawing the stamp, or at least including enough

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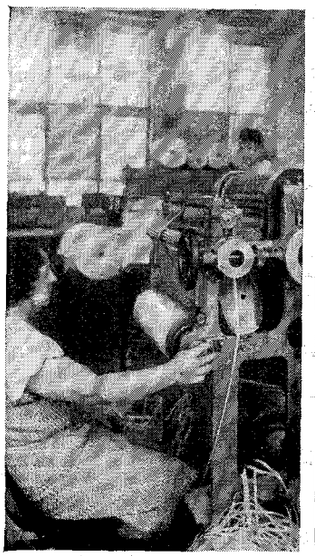

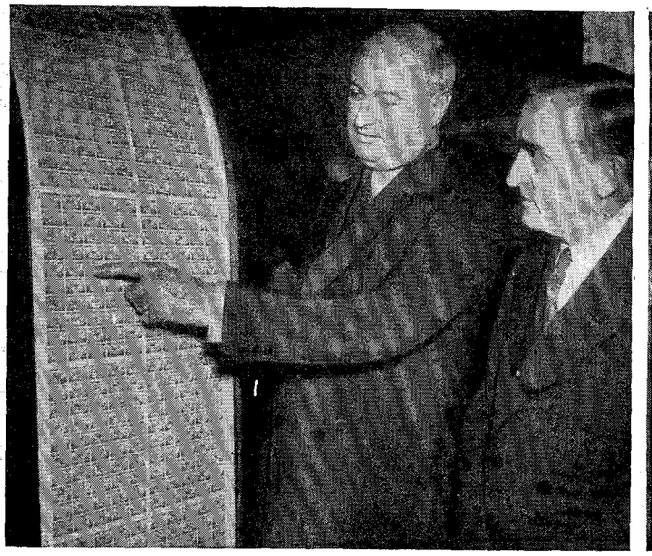

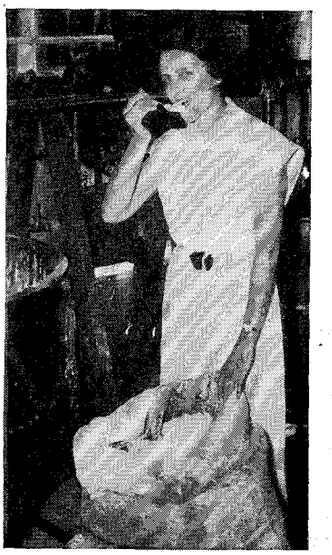

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Stamps by the millions . . . "The more the better," says Jim Farley . . . Tasty stickum, an added fillip

antidamyankee text to fill an entire envelop.

On the sixth floor of the labyrinth-like Post Office Department Building in Washington, officials chuckled at the Southern protests.

"Tell them for us that we expect them to substitute that vote for one of confidence and approval," burbled one postal executive. "Perhaps they will be willing to do that when they learn that the next commemorative issue will carry portraits of Generals Robert E. Lee and Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson." He referred to the 4-center, due March 24.

The Post Office force had good reason to smile. One hundred million stamps had been ordered. Nothing could be done about them.

But Jim Farley has run into less opposition from Legislators than he has from 10,000,000 stamp-collectors and 10,000 stamp-dealers. They aren't the least bit backward about sassing the Post Office Department, demanding more issues, criticizing the people on the stamps and even the clothes they wear.

Presents—Once, enthusiasts were so indignant that the Postmaster General almost faced a Congressional investigation. That was in 1934, when he unwittingly decided ungummed, unperforated sheets of new stamp issues would be ideal presents to his friends.

Collectors raved when President Roosevelt, Secretary of the Interior Ickes's relatives and others were found in possession of such rarities. These sheets are now valued at $30,000 apiece.

But stamps are a good investment, find ready buyers. So the Post Office Department is going into the business heavily these days. It's become almost as fertile in postage as the Russians and Germans during early inflationary days of the 'twenties.

Last year 13,835,399,920 individual stamps were sold for an income of $491,545,421.07.

That sum made a nice dent in the Department's 1936 expenditures of $753,616,212.

Even vogues such as chain letters added $50,000 to the coffers one year.

Therefore, argues Postmaster General Jim, the more stamps the better. And collectors, dealers and Congressmen applaud.

In session only seven weeks, Congress already is jammed with bills for new postal recognition from all corners of the country as well as Puerto Rico. And where party allegiance falters, critics say, a little stamp can help turn a political tide.

Small wonder, then, that government skeptics now splutter: "Keep politics out of stamps!"

Scene of the most frenzied activity in these new stamps is the fourth floor of the Post Office Department Building, where forty persons sell thousands of sheets at windows marked Philatelic Agency. Others busily answer phone calls and fill mail orders from collectors and dealers.

The Philatelic Agency, founded in 1921, now does a $2,000,000 business annually. As they depart, clutching their precious trophies, the buyers are invited to see government exhibits of stamp dies and plates.

Specimens—Furthermore, the P. O. Department permits collectors to send to the agency ten addressed "covers" (envelops) for each new stamp. The office stamps them with perfect specimens, turns them over to the city post-office for cancelation and forwarding. These are called "first-day stamps" and are especially valued by collectors. Service is gratis, only charge being for the regular value of the markers.

First American government stamp was sold July 1, 1847. Since then, more than 500 varieties have appeared. Seventeen Presidents, twenty-seven prominent persons from Benjamin Franklin to Susan B. Anthony, have decorated the surfaces. Sixty-nine special issues and eleven "regular" series have appeared.

Stamps, commemorating important historical figures, events of national interest, have been issued for forty-four years. They have proved profitable, full of publicity value, and politically advantageous. The number printed varies: For the 1934 Wisconsin Tercentenary, 64,525,000 were put out; for the ambitious NRA propaganda, 1,978,707,300.

Antarctic—For the Admiral Byrd - Little America set, collectors wanted their stamps canceled in the Antarctic. Byrd obliged for a 50-cent charge. This so infuriated dealers they almost boycotted the entire issue. But Post Office officials believe the explorer cleaned up $65,000 on the deal.

Ordinary citizens are not welcome where stamps are printed. Counterfeiting is feared. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, a gray limestone mausoleum, is heavily guarded.

There are two methods of printing stamps; on a flat-bed, or on a rotary press. The latter—the intaglio web—can turn out 3,000,000 per day. In one continuous process of this method, developed in 1914, paper is wet, printed, dried, gummed, dried again, wound and rolled.

A special paper is used, a bleached chemical wood-fiber derived from pine-trees. It takes 4,650 trees to produce the correct amount of pulp for the 160,000 pounds of paper for a year's supply of stamps. The paper is not water-marked, nor are there silk-fibers in it, as in dollar bills.

Tasty—Dextrin, from Java, makes up 65 per cent. of the tasty stickum on the backs of stamps. Water contributes 35 per cent. Six hundred thousand pounds of dextrin were used to issue 14,009,511,597 stamps in 1935. The Government especially approves dextrin made from sweet potatoes.

For small stamps .07 pound of stickum is used per thousand stamps; for the larger ones, .14 pound. A special process is used to break the gum, when dried, to prevent curling.

The Government's expense in printing a small-sized stamp is .068 cent per thousand; larger stamps cost about twice as much.

There are 350 persons employed in the printing of stamps at the Post Office Department; 150 others issue them.

None of the stamp executives is a stamp-saver. It would not be ethical, they contend.

"I wouldn't give two cents for a whole bathtub full of 'em," commented one Department member. "We see too much of 'em."

NEUTRAL U. S.: Congress Wrestles With Complexities of Workable Neutrality Bill

If a small boy should suddenly startle his playmates with the declaration that he never intended to fight again, the chances are he would soon receive a good wallop on the jaw.

Last week, the Congress of the United

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States, with one eye on a bristling Europe and the other on a smoldering Orient, considered how America can declare itself neutral without having to duck a left hook from across the sea. Sen. Key Pittman had presented a bill the week before, Representative McReynolds and sixteen others had done likewise. They covered everything from an amendment to the Constitution making it illegal for Congress to declare war without a nation-wide popular vote, to the levying of a war-profits tax of 99 per cent.

There was much talk of neutrality legislation in the summer of 1935, but Congress had its hands full of social security and utility regulation, and war seemed too far away to bother about. Then came dispatches from Rome announcing that Mussolini was not talking through his steel helmet when he discussed Ethiopia. News from London revealed that Great Britain was counting on support from the United States to help her keep the Italian army out of Africa.

Isolationists—It began to look vaguely like 1914. Prodded by Senators Vandenberg of Michigan, Nye of North Dakota, Clark of Missouri, Bone of Washington—as determined an aggregation of isolationists as the Senate had seen since the days of Henry Cabot Lodge's "irreconciliables"—the fagged and worried Congress summoned enough strength to jam through a temporary neutrality law, the first in American history, just as the session ended. It provided: (1) that on the outbreak of hostilities "between, or among, two or more foreign States," the President should proclaim the existence of war; (2) that it should thereafter be unlawful to ship "arms, ammunition, or implements of war," enumerated by the President, to any belligerent; (3) that the President should have "discretionary authority" to close American ports against submarines of belligerents, and additional discretionary authority to prohibit American citizens from traveling on ships of nations at war "except at their own risk."

The Neutrality Act of 1935 was notable in that the debate which preceded its enactment split Washington into warring factions which twice have signed armistice agreements, but probably never will agree to permanent peace. The isolationist Senate groups argue that war-time embargoes must apply equally to all belligerents; if they apply only to the nation which the President terms the "aggressor," that nation will retaliate against such sanctions with submarines, just as Germany did during the World War. Broadly, this universal application of embargoes is "mandatory," or "impartial," neutrality.

Discretionary—Against this theory is that of the "discretionary," or "differential," neutrality faction which as the support of both the State Depa ment and the White House. The law should merely give the President the power to proclaim embargoes, they say, and should leave to his discretion when and against whom to proclaim them. Thus, the United States will have something to hang over the heads of aggressor nations and will be in a better position to contribute to peace.

Last year, when the tenure of the Act came to an end, the war in the Senate chamber broke out again. Congress would go no farther than to extend the 1935 law for another fourteen months.

Last week, the armistice was again terminated. The isolationist group once more dragged in its "cash-and-carry" offering of 1936, thereby renewing the demand that in time of war Americans must be ready to give up not only their foreign trade but their traditional policy of "freedom of the seas." Key Pittman of Nevada presented a bill less drastic. It included the cash-and-carry idea, but it left to the President's discretion the commodities to which the rule would apply. These were the outstanding of almost a score of measures. If the White House must swallow one, it was apparent that it would choose Pittman's, or a variation of it.

Comment—Typical of Congressional opinion last week were the following:

Sen. George L. Radcliffe, Maryland Democrat, on mandatory legislation: "Freezing the details of neutrality policy is an invitation to disaster."

Sen. Bennett Champ Clark, Missouri Democrat, on discretionary legislation: "Suggestions advanced in some quarters that the President be allowed to name an aggressor and impose sanctions . . . would . . . be an act of war."

Sen. Josh Lee, Oklahoma Democrat, on mandatory legislation: ". . . I would be willing to rely upon the judgment of the President when war or a state of war exists outside our borders."

Sen. Gerald P. Nye, North Dakota Republican, on discretionary legislation: "The utter failure of the neutrality policy left to the discretion of one man in 1914 and 1915, and that man a strong man, should be sufficient demonstration of the fallacy of expecting another discretionary policy to succeed . . ."

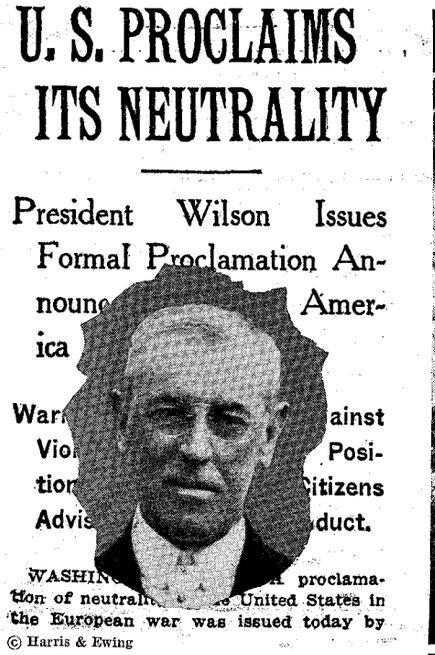
Congress already has had one lesson on the impossibility of foreseeing the infinite variety of international conflict. No sooner did it convene last month than it was forced to plug its 1935 law with a resolution forbidding the shipment of arms to either of Spain's warring groups. With this in mind, and with opinion so evenly divided within its membership, the Seventy-fifth Congress will probably make no more vigorous a declaration of America's intention not to fight than to give the "temporary" Neutrality Act of 1935 another lease on life—with minor alterations.

WEATHER MEN: Signals Flashed Over Wide Range as Science Forecasts Danger

Why didn't the Weather Men warn those in the flood's path?

The answer is, they did. Long ere unseasonal rains turned the Ohio and Mississippi into torrents, trained observers of the United States Weather Bureau flashed advance warnings aplenty to danger-spots.

They kept hourly vigil while families prepared to vamoose, but hoped a cold signal would mean checked floods. More astute manufacturers in flood-menaced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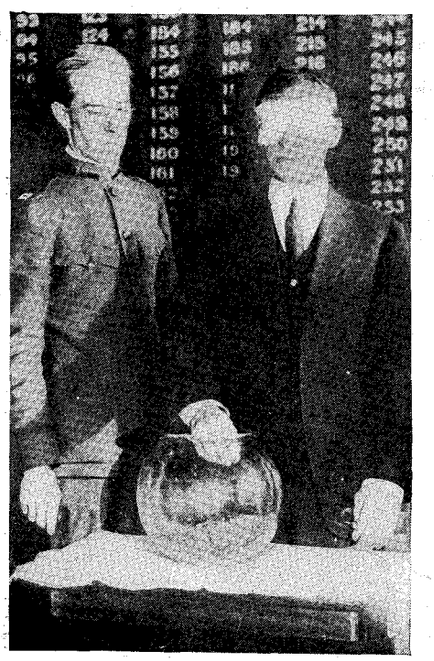
Will history repeat? 1914: neutrality proclaimed

Brown Bros.

1915: neutrality violated



Acme

1917: neutrality lost . . . the draft

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centers smeared antirust grease on machines, toted off movable, perishable material. Eyes on fast-flashing weather-reports, Army Engineers planned Mississippi Valley evacuations if necessary.

Scorned—Blessed by farmer and sailor and others whose livelihood is dependent on his meteorological hand-outs, the Weather Man is scorned by scoffers who think he should be able to tell the weather months ahead.

Hewing closely to the line laid down by science, the Department of Agriculture's ramified Weather Bureau achieves 85 to 90 per cent. accuracy on twenty-four to forty-eight-hour forecasts. Experts have pretty well demolished "systems" which pretend to tell whether it will rain or blow a gale on a given date six months off.

Telegraph, telephone, teletype, wireless, newspapers, mail and every other form of communication from carrier-pigeon to television could help if needed. Overlord of all this is Edgar B. Calvert, Principal Meteorologist in Charge of Forecast Division ($6,000 a year).

Looking like Guy Kibbee of the movies, he directs weather-predicting, handling the Washington area himself. Other centers are Chicago, New Orleans, Denver and San Francisco.

Reports—There are daily reports to these cities with local Weather Bureau stations as clearing-houses for their districts.

In each district office is a district forecaster, professional ace who takes reports of wind, temperature, barometric pressure and humidity and decides what's going to happen next.

Pictures, Inc.

Overlord of Weather Bureau's Forecast Division: Edgar B. Calvert's pencil marks barometric pressure areas on a radio weather-map

All this is possible because of an old red-brick building at Twenty-fourth and L Streets, N.W., Washington, D.C. Once it was the Mexican Legation.

It hasn't been Mexican property since 1887, but still flourishes Spanish beams and arches and Mayan and Aztec wall-designs. A calmly efficient workshop, it is Weather Bureau headquarters with 1,200 employees, a sixth of whom are skilled specialists not only in forecasting, but aerology, crop conditions, instrument repair and calibration, meteorology, marine investigations and solar radiation.

Data—Into this clearing-house flow climatological data from 5,000 stations, 1,027 of which are gathered by observers of the Bureau. Ships at sea radio weather information which can send up storm signals at 400 points along Atlantic, Pacific, Great Lakes and Gulf shores.

Bureau orders can send air-planes three miles up to collect wind-draft and temperature data. Meteorographs go up ten miles, for they are balloons carrying a robot weather man radioing down gadget-collected data on pressure, temperature and humidity in the stratosphere.

Then the big broadcast starts to ships, farmers, business men and newspapers, while weather-maps and storm or flood warnings go out from the five central areas.

Every district forecaster must have twelve years' previous experience. Trying all the time are 200 practise forecasters who make their guesses on paper. If they're good, they stand in line for promotion.

Besides these forecasters, there are 5,000 "cooperative observers," all volunteers. They get weather-sheds, complete with meteorological instruments, often work thirty or forty years keeping records, their only pay the job of being community weather centers.

For the air-ways, there are 500 more cooperating observers who help the Bureau of Air Commerce keep track of the weather. Army and Navy experts trade data for forecasts.

Cost—All this costs taxpayers only $3,861,000 a year, yet warning of one Florida hurricane averted an estimated $32,000,000 damage to shipping. Forecast of a freeze spared $100,000 worth of oranges, strawberries and vegetables in a small Florida sector in a single night.

When California's orange-groves belched smudge-pot smoke last month, $14,000,000 in citrus-fruits were brought safely through because growers obeyed warnings. Prediction of rain brings out those umbrella-stands in store entrances, starts sports-promoters making plans for handing out rain-checks and revises strategy for fighting a forest-fire.

As science puts swift communication and accurate, automatic instruments in meteorologists' hands, new methods of predictions and surveys have grown.

Once, two red flags with black centers, whipping in a rapidly freshening breeze atop a lonely flagpole, were the only hurricane warning. Now, radio warns ships, even far at sea, of coming storm or fog while broadcasting, wired and wireless, tells landsmen what's blowing up.

Technical—Upper-air reporting and self-recording instruments make the weather man's a highly technical job. The Bureau's Instrument Division has a $5,000-a-year technician directing research into better gadgetry.

A few years ago, at aptly-named Mount Weather, Virginia, an experimental observatory even made contributions to military tactics. Kites and balloons taking instruments aloft observed the upper air and Army artillerists were able to compile elaborate wind-correction tables for high-angle "Archies" that fire 37,000 feet up.

Yet, not every one loves the Weather Bureau or its workers. Near blustery Cape Hatteras, a story runs, the telegraph-line was across a strait from the county's weather-shed. The weather observer traveled on a mule, swimming the stubborn hybrid across the water to wire his reports.

Neighbors disliked the weather reporter, wired Washington that he was jeopardizing government property by swimming on his mule. The Bureau wired the observer:

"If we furnish a boat, can you sail it?"

Back flashed his reply:

"No, but send me a rudder; I'll sail the mule."

TREASURE HUNT? New French Envoy to U.S. Brings Champagne and Foies Gras

France clipped some prestige from America last week.

No longer can this country boast exclusively of Ambassadors bearing native foods to other lands, as in the recent trip of United States Ambassador to Russia Joseph Edward Davies.

From France on the 43,450-ton liner *Ile-de-France* came Georges Etienne Bonnet, forty-six-year-old *gourmet* of the Dordogne, appointed French Ambassador to Washington six weeks ago.

In the official luggage were ten cases of champagne, additional flagons of wines and *liqueurs*, and a year's supply of truffles and *pâté de foies gras*.

Envious tongues clacked in every major kitchen of the nation at the thought of what M. and Mme. Bonnet would be enjoying during their initial winter and spring in the National Capital.

"We are from the region of Perigord, where the best truffles and *foies gras* come

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from," explained Mme. Bonnet. "We are accustomed to the special flavor, so we are taking a supply."

The new Ambassador was much more anxious to speak of gustatory pleasures than of his new mission.

Bonnet is known in his native land for adroit handling of financial and economic matters. To the world at large, his chief claim to fame has been dexterous juggling of figures at international conferences.

Remembering this, some observers could not refrain from predicting the mission of the new delegate, five times French Minister of Finance, would be a treasure hunt.

Loan?—These same prophets don't see Bonnet as any social lion, or one likely to revive France's social prestige in the Diplomatic Corps. No—they are sure he is going to sneak another handsome loan for *La Belle* France, or twist war debts around so that the United States will really be the debtor.

And it is feared that, in a Congress ignorant of the wiles of truffles and *pâté de foies gras,* such a seduction may be possible.

But the envoy assured press and members of the American Club in Paris that loans and debts were not his mission.

Accompanied by a corps of trade experts, Bonnet will plunge at once into plans for renewing the Franco-American trade treaty, expiring on July 1. He negotiated this agreement in Paris last year.

Stabilization—Furthermore, France, under the egis of Premier Blum, is interested in the Tri-Power monetary stabilization. With both eyes and ears upon *Der Fuehrer* across the Rhine, French officials hope for an accord among Great Britain, the United States and France.

Pegged to a monetary basis, the three nations could then be more easily united in case Herr Hitler became really pugnacious. That's why Ambassador Bonnet is expected to plead against any neutrality legislation devised to safeguard America from future foreign entanglements.

Editorially, the New York *Times* sees mystery in Bonnet's mission:

"It would appear that the French Government must have received from Washington some assurances that debt negotiations may be successfully concluded. Otherwise, it scarcely would have sent Ambassador Bonnet on an errand doomed to failure in advance."

Curiously enough, Ambassador Bonnet can only remain six months in Washington. That is, if he retains his seat in the Chamber of Deputies. But if he finds he is making headway in "the work of regaining friendship with this great nation" he can resign his seat, as André Francois-Poncet did to remain as French Ambassador to Germany.

Empty Hat—Born at Bassillac, July 23, 1889, Bonnet rated half a column in "*Qui Etes Vous*" (the French "Who's Who") as far back as 1924. Of medium height, dark, with a bulbous nose, the new envoy streaks a few wisps of hair across an almost bald pate.

Enemies coined the pun: *"C'est un bonnet vide."* (It's an empty hat.)

Even if he does wear his hat on the back of his head, sport baggy blue serge double-breasted suits and occasional polka-dot ties, Bonnet impresses one as a small business man, rather than a government dignitary. He has an easy-going manner, is somewhat glib in speech, yet dignified. Gold-rimmed spectacles and a heavy mustache are high lights.

Like most French statesmen, Bonnet is versatile. A fling at literature has produced three books: "The Soul of a Soldier," "The Philosophy of Law," and "The Letters of a Bourgeois."

Recreation—According to an American newspaper man in Paris, "Bonnet is the best darned *jai alai* player in the French Government." In the southwest of France not far from Bordeaux, the Bonnets have a little vacation spot. There, at St. Georges de Didonne, the French Ambassador does Herculean leaps as he plays the whirlwind game—there known as *Pelote basque.*

When he tires of this, he goes fishing. Bonnet can pass days in a sailboat with fishermen, throwing a net into the water and drawing in soles and lobsters.

Pix

Georges Etienne Bonnet starts "treasure hunt" armed with truffles and champagne

Mme. Odette Pelletan Bonnet is often said to be the driving force of the family, which also includes a three-year-old son, Alain. She is ambitious for Georges and is a great social aid when accompanying him to world conferences. Some day, it is said, she hopes to see *Pépé* Premier.

Smart, an impeccable dresser and speaking a slightly accented English, she is expected to forge to the head of Washington's diplomatic ladies. Mme. Bonnet is a first-rate skiier, fond of mountain climbing and a good golfer.

Old Family—She comes from an old Radical-Socialist family which gave several politicians to France. Bonnet also was reared in the best traditions of French radicalism. His father, the late Gaston Bonnet, held the high position of Counselor at the Court of Cassation.

The man who put the Third Republic on a solid foundation, Waldeck-Rousseau, and other leading radicals such as Jules Ferry (founder of women's secondary education) and Camille Pelletan were friends of Bonnet's father.

Bonnet first entered the Chamber of Deputies in 1924. A year later he was Under Secretary of State. Then he became Minister of the Budget. He has carried eleven portfolios so far.

Bonnet represented France on the delegation to the Stresa Conference. When the Stavisky scandal broke in full force, he was accused of having received the swindler at his table in the *Grand Hotel de Iles Baromes.*

Ugly rumors were circulated. They came to a head when Bonnet was forced to defend himself before the Chamber. Most observers to-day believe Bonnet was unjustly accused.

Topics in Brief

"Pennies from Heaven" is modest. Look what we are getting from the Federal Government.—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

Job had patience, but he never had a windshield wiper to fail him in a downpour of rain.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

What are we going to do with the in-between years if life begins at forty and old-age pensions at sixty-five?—*Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal.*

Terre Haute's Mayor, facing indictments, has thus far failed to get any telegram of sympathy from Communist Browder.—*Indianapolis News.*

"British writer missing"—head-line. We seem to have noticed that some American writers have been doing the same thing.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

An Indian girl, winner of a beauty contest, is called Pretty Bear. A lot of the paleface favorites have been that way, too.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

A Texas evangelist has published a list of *723* sins. We're writing for a copy of it, as it is barely possible that we may be missing something.—*Washington Post.*

Importation of drinking-water into the flood zone vindicates that traditionally famous animal, Thompson's *colt,* which swam the Mississippi to get a drink.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A Boston experimenter prescribes a salt mackerel for the morning after. The New England conscience in the grip of remorse is a harrowing sight.—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Despatch.*

A pair of Siamese twins in Europe have decided not to be severed, which is wise. We are all more or less irked by family connections, but put up with them.—*H. V. Wade in the Detroit News.*

Radio listeners can condone Boaky's British pronunciation of "futyle" and "preecedent," but when broadcasters begin sending out squadrons of "calvary" something must be done about it.—*Boston Globe.*

A flood picture showing the Irvin Cobb Hotel in Paducah filled with water prompts the cheerful thought that this is a misfortune that probably never overtook the man in whose honor it was named.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal.*

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POLISH JEWS FACE DISMAL FUTURE

"Oust the Jew" Cried as Wholesale Migration Is Talked

The old-style *pogroms* which made the life of Polish Jews a nightmare under the Czars have died out, yet the terror of anti-Semitism still haunts their three million *men, women and children*—one-tenth of the country's population.

Historically, Poland emerged as the first country to welcome the wanderers. Driven from Judea in ancient times, the race had trailed migratory Arabs across Asia Minor and through North Africa. By the early middle ages they had crossed narrow Gibraltar and established themselves in Spain. Crusaders, fired by the desire to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels, suddenly realized that even on the Continent they had non-believers among them. Expelled from Spain, the Jews fled to France, then Germany. There, too, persecution flared, and the tormented people did not know where to turn until King Boleslav, thirteenth century ruler of Poland, offered them a charter of social and economic opportunity. Later rulers permitted them to run a nation within a nation, with their own judges and *governing councils*.

Yiddish—For hundreds of years, under the Poles' benevolent rule, Jewish life flourished there far better than in any land where they had sought refuge after leaving Palestine. Unlike the Jews in the Germanic States, who became Germans, they retained their racial habits and costumes. They kept their own Hebrew language which, interspersed with Low German, became the Yiddish of to-day.

The partition of Poland in the eighteenth century abruptly annihilated their privileges, as indeed it destroyed the liberty of their long-time protectors. In the west, thousands of Jews found themselves under the Prussian flag, and Prussian oppression; in Galicia and throughout the south they went to Austria-Hungary. The picture of the Czar's Cossacks riding with sword and knout into the Jewish villages symbolizes their fate in Old Russia.

W. Zadek from Black Star

Boycotted Polish Jews can find no sanctuary

After Versailles, 2,700,000 Jews from the original Polish group fell to Soviet Russia, where, poor as they are, they are no poorer than the rest of the population and enjoy full equality. Some went to Rumania, but the majority went to Poland.

Race Apart—From the start, the new Republic begrudged the Jews freedom from the restrictions that had been placed upon them by the Czars. It never accorded them equal rights. Yet, before Poland fell under the influence of Nazi Germany, and before the economic depression reduced the mass of the Poles themselves to dismal poverty, the Jews fared no worse than their neighbors.

Now they are a race apart, isolated, according to Sholem Asch, a Yiddish writer who recently visited the country, like lepers. Young women in the Warsaw Ghetto look like dried skeletons, he says. Rickety children save scraps of bread from their free school lunches to feed their parents at night.

Unemployment hit the Poles so hard that just over half of them have jobs. Conditions among the Jews are worse: Only one in three works. A million of them, American Jewish investigators insist, live on the verge of starvation.

Boycott—The deadly weapon against the Jew is the boycott. Entirely unofficial, it was spread by the Endeks—National Democrats of an extreme nationalistic tinge. Jews once carried on the trade of the country, through their stands at the market-places and their shops in the villages. Now, by means of the boycott, revocations of licenses, violence, and every means available to the Endeks, shops are being taken from Jews and given to Poles. In western Poland and Pomerania, 350 municipalities are reported to have stopped Jews entirely from trade on the market-place. In 1,500 Polish villages the number of Jewish shops has dropped 35 per cent. from the 1914 figure.

Jews used to outnumber native artizans four to one. Now the boycott has forced them out of work, and other occupations are closed to them. They can get no government jobs. In all of Poland, the Manchester *Guardian* reports, there is not a single Jewish postman or cab driver.

In the meat industry, Jewish butchers who slaughter in the *kosher* manner had built up a virtual monopoly, serving both Jews and Gentiles. The first of the year, a new law went into effect which forbade them to sell wholesale, and limited the number of Jewish butchers to that necessary to supply their own trade.

Professions—The professions, too, have taken up the "oust the Jew" slogan, and a move is under way to reduce the number of lawyers to 10 per cent. Jews constitute only 2,000 of the 80,000 teachers in the country, and the New York *Times* estimates that not more than twenty-five of them are professors.

More than 1,000 Jews were injured in anti-Semitic disturbances last year, with forty killed and 350 seriously hurt. More than 400 cases of window-smashing, usually accompanied by looting of Jewish shops, were reported.

To solve the problem, Foreign Minister Josef Beck suggested to the League of Nations that the entire three millions be "evacuated." There has been vague discussion of moving them to the French colonies, but how many could be absorbed there remains even vaguer. Polish Jews, for centuries forbidden to work on the land, are turning to agricultural pursuits on farms especially conducted throughout the country, with a view to resettlement in the Holy Land. Last year, however, Palestine's immigrants numbered only 30,000, not more than one-third of whom came from Poland.

Rooted—The tragedy of the situation is that Poland's Jews are rooted to the land where they have lived for seven hundred years. Unlike the Jews of Western Europe, they do not live entirely in large cities.

Meanwhile, Polish Jews are trying to rally, with the help of their American fellows. Since 1914, the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee has raised $30,000,000 in this country and spent it in Poland. One of its most important activities was to stimulate self-help projects through a network of 800 free loan institutions. With small loans averaging not more than $20 each, small traders and artizans can continue working.

Aid—Moreover, the Joint Distribution Committee feeds 54,000 Jewish children a year and helps send 60,000 to summer colonies. Its main effort is to devise new sources of income for the Jews.

Jews are being taught to breed rabbits for their "wool," and to manufacture yarn and cloth from it. In Vilna, Jews are turning out gloves for export. Jewish carpenters are manufacturing furniture for the British South African Dominions. Berets made by Polish Jews are even breaking into the cap's original home—France.

The Government has turned its efforts toward the revival of *authority*—sadly weakened since Marshal Pilsudski's death. Under a new "Polonization" program made public last week, 22,000,000 Poles—the rest of the country's 34,000,000 population consists of Jews and other minorities—become the "ruling nation." Yet Col. Adam Koc, former Governor of the Bank of Poland, who drew up the plan, sharply vetoed a proposal to make Jews second-class citizens, with restrictions on their economic and political rights.

WINDSOR PINCHED:

Commons Refuses Edward Grant, He Becomes Remittance Man

"If the worst comes to the worst," the Duke of Windsor loudly told his first royal visitors, the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, last week, "I'll always pick up a living showing people around Schönbrunn; I know it so well."

The yellowish baroque castle near Vienna, favorite home of long-dead Austrian emperors, houses poignant memories for a

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King in exile. Windsor and his sister and brother-in-law saw the apartments of the Archduke Rudolf, old Franz Josef's heir, who died mysteriously in the hunting-lodge at Mayerling with his mistress, Countess Marie Vetsera. They also saw the death-chamber of the pathetic young King of Rome, Napoleon's son, who died of tuberculosis at twenty-one, far from a France he could not remember.

Later, in the National Gallery, the royal idler pointed out a figure of the late King-Emperor in a British Field Marshal's uniform, and boasted that attendants had corrected the line of the sash since his previous visit, on his advice.

Finances—In Britain, rumors persisted that the Government had permitted the Princess to make the trip because they believed her discretion and aversion to newspaper head-lines exceeded that of her brothers. Presumably she took up the Duke's financial status.

According to one report, the Duke agreed to sell Sandringham House, the late George V's favorite residence. King George V had left the property to the then Prince of Wales as his "eldest son" and not "successor." Windsor had been reported insisting on a sale price of $750,000, while his mother and George VI wanted to put up only $500,000.

Austrians, unofficial defenders of their visitor, collected evidence that he was being kept in straitened circumstances. In the Vienna hotel where he gets a private hair-cut, he protested that $1.26 seemed a little steep for the brief use of an empty hotel room. The manager sliced the fee in half. So did the head of the Sudbahn Hotel in the fashionable winter and summer resort of Semmering, when the Duke claimed that $1.80 an hour for ski instruction became exorbitant when he pursued the sport six hours a day several times a week.

No Grant—Yet the Labor Party, unmoved, voted in a formal caucus not to grant him a penny on the Civil List. The Cabinet, rather than risk a debate damaging to British prestige, therefore decided to let his family stake him up to $125,000 a year —making him, in the New York *Herald Tribune's* phrase, "the House of Windsor's first remittance man."

Meanwhile, the subsidized British Broadcasting Corporation pulled a boner which probably outraged more Britons than the disputed attack on the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Three radio comedians were singing a ditty:

"We have come along this evening
And one and all we feel
We wish that you could see us,
For we've all got sex appeal."

Over the air a gay voice cut in: "Yes, Mrs. Simpson!"

Slip—A flood of telephone calls and telegrams inspired officials to apologize for "an unfortunate lapse of taste." Later the company announced that one John Rorke, who had meant to use a common vaudeville name—Mrs. Gibson—was responsible. "It was a slip of the tongue," he said, but the plausible explanation did not prevent his suspension till St. Patrick's day.

Britain's unofficial censorship bobbed up again when the weekly *Cavalcade* was withdrawn from the stands for a paragraph reading: "Around the London Stock Exchange, as well as among members of Parliament, there are rumors that the King again has been attacked by epilepsy."

While readers tried in vain to decipher the blocked-out words, a member of the staff suavely explained to the United Press: "The word 'again' caused the trouble."

NIZAM'S SHOW: India's Richest Prince Celebrates Jubilee Amid Splendor

Weighted with heavy silken robes, blazing with looped ropes of priceless pearls, dinner-plate-sized sunbursts of gold and diamonds, and with half a pound of diamonds and rubies on his dome-shaped turban, the fifty-one-year-old Nizam of Hyderabad, ruler of India's premier State and reputed to be the world's wealthiest human being, last week began (one year late) a spectacular, gorgeous fourteen-day jubilee celebration of the twenty-fifth year of his reign.

Only $50,000,000-a-year sovereign on earth, his full name and title is, "His Exalted Highness (the 'exalted' conferred by George V for a $100,000,000 donation to the British War-chest), Nizam of Hyderabad and Barar, Nawab Sir Usman Mir Ali Khan Bahadur Fateh Jung, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire" and, because his ancestor, Nizam Afzal-ud-Dowlah, remained loyal during the great Mutiny of 1857, "Faithful Ally of the British Government."

In a realm equal to the whole of France in area, he is the "Fountain of All Power" over 14,500,000 subjects.

Tigers and leopards stalk and leap in his jungles of the Warangal and Adilabad. In his hilly uplands swarm the spotted deer and his bigger, antlered brother, the *sambur*, the higher-fore-than-aft antelope called the *nilgau*, the black buck and the gazelle.

Worried—Almost anywhere outside the cities can be heard the barking laugh of the hyena.

Wolves, tiger-cats, bears and jackals prowl the length and breadth of Hyderabad and Barar. Against a seldom lowering sky, the flamingo flaps rose-colored wings; and the green pigeon and a multitude of other brilliant birds wing from shade to shade.

A worried little man, preoccupied, in this riot of color, with the administration of mines, mills, agrarian programs, tax-gathering, education, public works and the management of his static fortune of $260,000,000 in gold bars and $2,000,000,000 in precious stones (mostly rubies and diamonds) the Nizam seems to Europeans strangely out of key with his position and surroundings.

As if dreading it, he four times postponed the pompous splendor of his Jubilee, escaping the exhausting orgy of formal splendor for more than a year. Death of India's Emperor, far away in England, was the easily understood pretext for the first delay. The thirty-day Mohammedan festival of the Ramadan was the second. (For tho the great majority of his subjects are Hindus, the Nizam is a Moslem; and he feared that synchronizing the Jubilee with the Ramadan would produce disorders.)

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"His Exalted Highness," Nizam of Hyderabad, prefers sack-suits to bejeweled robes

Third delay he attributed to his own indisposition. Reason for the fourth was the death of his fourth, and baby, son.

Pomp—No new excuse for postponement presenting itself, and under counsel that no fifth delay would be politically advisable, the Nizam last week paraded with Oriental pomp and splendor to the Cher Minar, three-hundred-year-old central mosque with four minarets, from which radiate the four principal avenues of the city. There, he began the Jubilee with formal prayers for the State.

Followed days of parades, military in name, supercircus parades to Occidental eyes, in which gorgeously caparisoned elephants and other animals trailed fabulous fabrics through the city. Two days of State banquets served on gold plate to bejeweled Hyderabad nobility offered a spectacle of which the Nizam was weary before it began. Rich gifts were heaped by his vassals upon this potentate who needed nothing, and who already was unable to calculate the immense value of his possessions.

Rich Display—On Friday, the 26th, after days of polo and military sports, came the *Durbar*, open-air levee or reception of his vassal nobles, rivaling one another with displays of wealth and power in the shape of elephants with rich robes and *howdahs* and retainers in rich costume. The nobles themselves were living displays of precious stones, as they salaamed before the "Fountain of All Power."

Public prayers were to end the ceremonies on the 26th; after which the multitudes from all over the realm would stream out of the capital, leaving the Nizam to the Spartan simplicity he prefers.

Back to his garage he could send his fifty expensive limousines. Out from its temporary hiding he could wheel the shabby, ten-year-old touring car he prefers to drive. And in comfortable old shoes and

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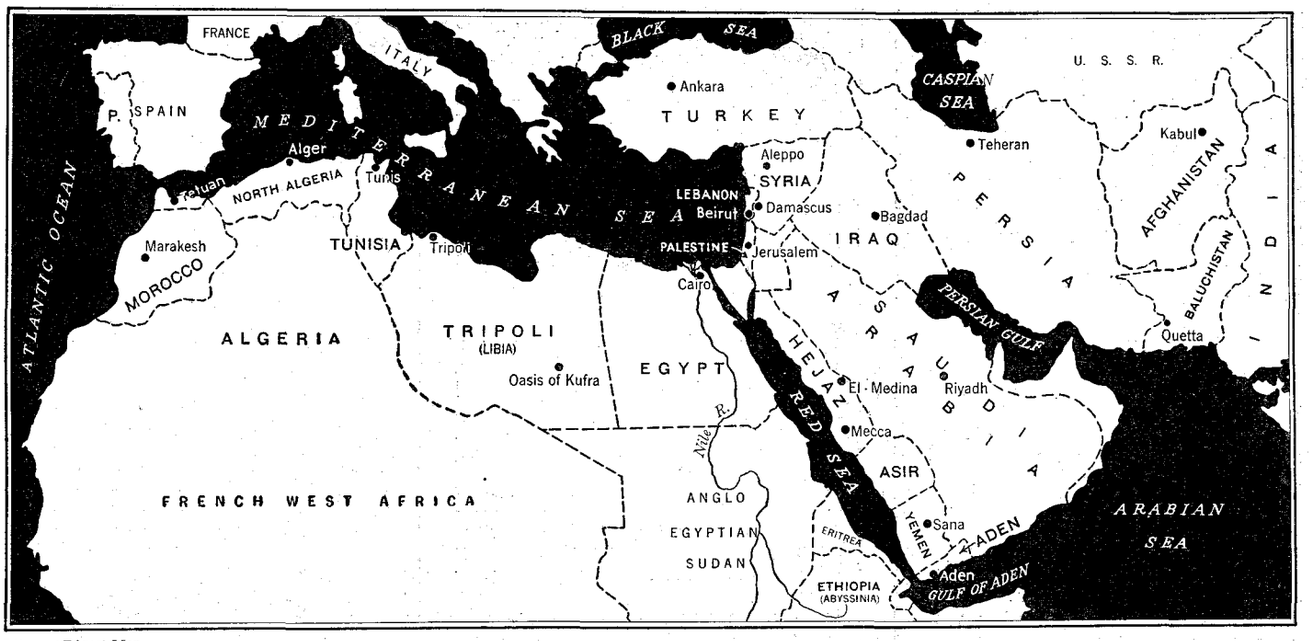

Literary Digest Map

Moslem Lands, where Pan-Arab nationalism is rampant . . . from India to the Atlantic

unpressed lounge suit, he could get back to the administration of his coal, copper, gold, iron and diamond mines, and to the administration of the most socially conscious of the native Governments of India.

PAN-ARAB PAINS: Concessions Made to Near East Christians, Jews by Moslem Overlords

In Bagdad, glamorous metropolis of the Arabian Nights, the air last week was nippy, for this year a cold wave swept down over Mount Ararat, thrusting a clammy hand through the *zibouns* and camel's-hair *abas* of Irak's lightly-clad population.

As they sipped their thick black mocha and cinnamon tea, many a one spoke significantly of the unusually large crowds that had assembled in Mekka for the yearly *hadj* to the holy stone of Kaaba during the present Moslem month of *Zul-Hijjah,* last month of the 1,355 years of Islam.

Salutation—"*Hadji* Abdallah," a tall, swart Jewish merchant leaned back and addressed a Moslem Iraki, "*Hadji* Abdallah, may Allah cause success to dawn upon you!"

"And upon all of us, *inshallah!*" the graybeard answered casually, taking care to exclude the Jew in his invocation as he clinked the large amber beads of his tasseled chaplet, seemingly absorbed in foretelling his kismet or *kheera* for the day.

"*Hadji* Abdallah," persisted the Jew impishly, "will you favor me by glancing at this letter?"

Acquiescing, the Moslem scanned the communication, bearing the official letterhead of the Irak Ministry and, to his great surprize, the opening line:

"Dear Sayid——"

Equality—"*Allahu akbar!* Allah is great!" he exclaimed in amazement. And amazed he might well be, for it was the first time in recorded history that a Near East Jew or Christian had been treated with such democratic equality by the Moslem overlords. Indeed, the new Government of Hikmet Bey Suleiman had outdone itself in democracy when it decreed that the term *Sayid** be uniformly used for all Iraki subjects, even Jews and Christians, whom Moslems hitherto have considered *kafir* (unbelievers).

A few months before, when the Arab-Jewish conflict (see cover) focused the attention of Moslems the world over on Palestine's Arab Nationalists, Irak's Jews received harsh treatment and even bodily harm at the hands of Moslem-Arab hotheads who declared their sympathy openly for their Holy Land brethren.

But Hikmet Bey Suleiman last month firmly laid down a Pan-Arab policy on the basis of peace and good-will among the Arab States. He wanted all subjects to be addressed as *Sayids* indiscriminately, because Irak, like other Arab States, teems with racial and religious minorities, including Chaldeans, Assyrians, Sabaeans (followers of John the Baptist), Yezidis (peacock or devil-worshipers), Armenians, Jews, Kurds, Shiahs, Persians and even Hindus.

Statehood—Irak, or Mesopotamia—land of empire-building Assyrians, Babylonians, Chaldeans, Abbasids and Ottomans—claims the honor of being the first Arab State to emerge from its mandate under Britain to full independent statehood, in 1932. It was likewise the first to approach the dreams of the Pan-Arab-minded T. E. Lawrence of Arabia, the first new-born Arab Kingdom to sign a treaty with Sultan Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia to the south—himself the first Arab to unite the *Bedouins* and settlers of the Arabian Peninsula and to extract a treaty as an equal sovereign ruler from the British King.

From the peak of the Fertile Crescent—as historians choose to call the more verdant semicircular belt embracing the countries of Irak, Syria and Palestine, into which the desert tribes have migrated in periods of drought from time immemorial—to the southernmost tips of Aden and Hadramut (considered the home of the Queen of Sheba) the weird, menacing call of *Allahu akbar* (Allah is great) is to be heard daily. But that no longer as a religious exhortation, for since the voice of Lawrence incited Arabs to rise and demand their rights, even the ill-fed, thieving *Bedouins* have learned to vociferate the slogan: Arab lands for the Arabs (*Bilad il-Arab lil Arab*).

Scattered—The Moslem* reawakening, at times budding forth in the more civilized countries as Pan-Arabism, assumes wide social and political proportions as the ways of the dynamic West invade the descendants of Ismael.

The center of Islamic hope, the land where Islam was born, which flourished as the world's one-time palmiest empire (in the ninth century), and where its indomitable faith and peculiarly Arab heritage flickered down to an unsung, disparaged semblance of its once vaunted power and glitter, is now slowly but surely coming into its own. In the heart of the Arabian Chersonese, it is valiantly sloughing off the War-imposed burden of European domination and preparing to burgeon forth in the form of full-fledged kingdoms and republics, with the exception of Palestine and Transjordan, which Lord Balfour in 1917 pledged Great Britain to safeguard as a national homeland for the Jews.

Treaties—Last year, Pan-Islamic hopes cut a top notch when both Egypt and Syria gained their independence after several bloody revolts, the former from England,

* The Arabic word *Sayid* is derived from the verb, *sada,* to rule. Properly used, as it is in North African Moslem lands, it is the equivalent of the English Sir, Esquire, or Lord. Moslem usage elsewhere, however, has limited its application to those claiming descent from the Prophet Mohammed, who usually affect bluish-green head-dresses to signify their title to deference.

* Total Moslem population of the world is variously estimated at from 205,000,000 to 300,000,000. The following figures can claim to be only approximately correct. *Asia:* Turkey—13,269,606; Persia—9,200,000; Afghanistan—12,000,000; India—77,677,545; Russia—13,900,000; China—20,000,000; Indo-China and Siam—2,000,000; East Indies and other islands of the Pacific—35,000,000. *Africa:* Egypt—12,929,260; Sudan—3,000,000; Abyssinia—5,000,000; Tripoli—2,000,000; Tunis—2,000,000; Algiers—5,000,000; Morocco—5,000,000; Liberia—1,000,000; French West and Equatorial Africa—10,000,000; British West, East, Central and South Africa—10,000,000; rest of Africa—3,000,000. *Europe:* Russia, Austria, Greece, Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Poland—5,000,000; North and South America—25,000.

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the latter from France. Freed, these States now are clamoring for the rights of their Palestinian brethren, while pointing proudly to the rapid progress made by Egypt and Irak, which has entered into non-aggression treaties with the neighboring Moslem countries of Turkey, Iran (Persia), Saudi Arabia and Afghanistan. Too, Yemen, long an isolated South Arabian Kingdom, has contracted the contagion of militant Arab consciousness. Last year, its ruler, the Imam Yahya, sent his shrewd emissary, Mohammed Zabarah, to solicit amicable rapprochement with Irak, where already Yemenite students have flocked to supplement their Koranic lore with the modern educational facilities of the University of Irak, in Bagdad.

Cheered by the gains Pan-Arabism has been slowly piling up, the vigilant Rector of Cairo's Al-Azhar University—largest international institution of its kind in the world—last year launched out a movement to convert India's millions of untouchables to Islam.

First and most prominent convert of the newly founded *Jamiyyat al-Tabligh al-Islami* (Society for Moslem Propaganda) was Hiralal Gandhi, son of the famous Hindu Mahatma, who added the Moslem name of Abdallah to his own. Gladdened by the news also was Egypt's *Jamiyyat ash-shubban al-Muslimin* (Association of Moslem Youth), which used the country's press and radio facilities to announce it to adjacent Arab lands. Likewise knitting these countries closer together is the newly inaugurated Misr Airways, which links Cairo with Palestine, Syria, Irak and Persia as a regular air-route.

Champions—For Egypt, besides constituting the greatest seat of Moslem learning and the home of an Arab Academy and Al-Azhar University, also prides itself on having given birth to two of the greatest advocates of Pan-Islamism and its by-product, Pan-Arabism, which manifests itself in sympathetic nationalist movements to further the emancipation of Arabs from European rule. The first champion of Pan-Islam was Jamal ud-Din Al-Afghani, who placed a rather liberal interpretation on the Koran and taught the unity of all Moslems. Then came the more fiery patriot, Mustafa Kemal, who taught that Moslems must free themselves from European domination even by force and preached Egyptian independence from Great Britain, warming his countrymen's hearts with the slogan: *Misr lil Misriyin* (Egypt for the Egyptians).

Swinging between Pan-Islamism and Pan-Arabism, the Nationalist Arab Movement forged ahead following the War, mostly under the leadership of the Moslems, who make up the vast majority of the Near East. With the return to power and modernization of Turkey, Moslems grew generally cool toward their whilom overlords, altho such leaders as Wali al-Din Yakin (1873-1921) championed a Turco-Arab *rapprochement* as a basis for a Near Eastern Confederation.

During more than 400 years, the Turks held the Arab Near East under their hegemony, their Sultan claiming the title of Calif, which Kemal Ataturk abolished in 1924 as being feckless and unenforceable. To justify his action, he reminded his fellow Turks that when the Sublime Porte during the World War declared *Jehad* (holy war) against the Allies, Moslems were indifferent and even unresponsive. In fact, the very custodian of the Holy City of Mecca, King Hussein, and his illustrious son, Faisal (late King of Irak), broke off with the Sultan and made common cause with the Christian Allies, helping to down the Ottoman Empire.

Conquerors—Ataturk used his prestige in inducing his Moslem neighbors to form the nucleus of a Near Eastern Entente through treaties with Iran, Irak and Afghanistan. But when he ended the Califate, Moslems called an international Congress to fill the gap. Failing to agree, they tried twice again, in 1926 and in 1931, but only succeeded in outlining the problems facing Moslems the world over and venting their indignation at mandatory Powers.

Having given to the world three of its leading religions — Judaism, Christianity and Islam—the Near East's secret, its unfathomed mystery, is still religion, the mainsprings of its sporadic revivals and

Courtesy Houghton Mifflin

Yahya, Imam of Yemen, whose emissary sought Irak's friendship

progress and, at the same time, the hypnotic influence which laid it low in passive hibernation for centuries of decadence.

It was not until 1915 that Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud started his meteoric rise to the Sultanate, conquered the Hejaz, seat of Mekka and Medina, and made himself the greatest living Arab ruler.

Puritan—Tho his prowess, both as warrior and statesman, is fully recognized by Moslems and Arabs alike the world over, his friendship sought as custodian of the Holy Precinct, Ibn Saud can not well become the personality about whom Arab hopes may gyrate. Because of his being, officially at least, a modernity-scorning Wahabite Puritan and because of the comparatively backward state of his subjects, Ibn Saud's magnetic personality and prestige partake more of the nature of an alluring mirage than that tangible leadership which the more sophisticated, modern-minded Moslems of the outlying Arab lands might be willing to accept.

Bolstering the idea of an Arab-Moslem world confederation is the existence of the so-called Senussi confraternities throughout North Africa, especially in Egypt and in the Italian and French possessions of the Black Continent. Their founder, Sayid Mohammed Ali as-Senussi, arose toward the end of the last century. From the desert of Jarabub in Tripoli, his school taught hate and extermination of the children of *Kifr* (infidel Jews) and the offspring of *Shirk* (Christians who associate other persons with Allah, meaning the Trinity).

Converts—So menacing was the Senussi movement, and so wide-spread, that its numberless raving *marabouts* (holy men) made wholesale conversions of the Negroes and Berbers of Libya, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco and the rest of Equatorial Africa. When the World War broke out, both England and Italy had to fight off Senussi invasions on the borders of Egypt, for the fanatics rose as one man in defense of their fellow Moslems, the Turks.

The recent recrudescence of Pan-Arabism cropped up as a direct result of the Arab-Zionist unrest in Palestine. Moslems and Christians banded together against "Jewish excesses" in Palestine, contributed money and men to fight for the "cause." Like wild-fire, the hate germ communicated itself by word of mouth and through the violently nationalistic newspapers of the Arab and Moslem world. The movement, London charged, was abetted by Italy's anti-British campaign during and even after the Abyssinian war. No less virulent was the work of Nazi agents who vied with their Fascist colleagues in fomenting discontent in the Near East and North African lands. France was made to pay the penalty for lining up with Britain against Fascist and Nazi ambitions.

Demands—"Of France's official army of 29,478 officers and 642,397 men," comments Ferdinand Tuohy in the London *Sphere*, "5,120 officers and 118,811 men are enlisted as North African.

"The Arabs have imbibed deeply of alien ideologies and they demand: (a) French citizenship; (b) equal pay and treatment with Europeans; (c) the franchise . . . The Algerians are bitter towards the French colonists, but their *bête noire* is the Jew. . . . A further odd twist has to do with the prevalence of a distinct Moslem weakness for Hitler, for his having crushingly trodden on the Jew. To come upon the swastika painted on the walls of farmhouses is not uncommon."

Tho Count Carlo Sforza finds that Pan-Arabism "is little more than a propaganda word for nationalistic agitators in Damascus, Cairo and Geneva."

The better informed *Asiatic Review* thinks otherwise.

"The feeling of resentment and hostility," it states, "that contributed to such movements as may be described as Pan-Islamic are still present, and, whatever other forms they may in the future assume, they none the less deserve the careful attention of European statesmen."

MEXICAN MASS: Youth Killed When Police Raid Catholic Services at Orizaba

In Orizaba, Mexico's important State of Vera Cruz has a flourishing agricultural center where, in late years, manufacturing has boomed and with it the economic well-being of the 50,000 Indians and *Mestizos*. But like the rest of Mexico's

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Pix

Flurry among faithful as rumors spread that church ban is lifted in Mexico

Catholics, Orizaba's citizens for years have stubbornly stuck to their faith and wondered why their self-styled "enlightened" Government refused them the right to free worship.

Last week, the town's Judicial Police raided a private home, where they found the Rev. Father José Maria Flores officiating at a mass before a clump of devout Catholics. Considering it a violation of the Constitution, they threatened to arrest the tiny congregation, which managed to escape. First to flee was fourteen-year-old Leonor Sanchez, whom a random police bullet shot dead.

Clamor—Indignant Orizaba citizens clamored for justice, burned telegraph-wires with petitions to President Lazaro Cárdenas for redress, begged him to reopen their churches. Twenty-four hours later, reports were current that the State Legislature at Jalapa, the Capital, had repealed the church ban. The people acclaimed the news with a joyful tolling of bells, for they thought they had their religious freedom at last.

But Gov. Miguel Aleman next day ordered the churches closed again. To explain himself and placate angry Catholics, he stood on the balcony of the Municipal Palace and frankly declared he was helpless.

Undeterred by police cordons, 20,000 Catholics, gathering from outlying villages and communities, swarmed into the town's squares in a mammoth procession and made their demands felt in banners shrieking, "We Die but God Never Dies." Failing to gain satisfaction, they stormed the churches, which they occupied in defiance of the police. They clamored, too, for the rearrest of little Leonor's killer, who had been freed by a court injunction.

Attributing former Governments' restrictions on the Catholic Church to economic factors, President Cárdenas finds the strict application of the laws unnecessary. But, students of Mexican politics state, he is unable to conciliate State politicians, who insist on a strict enforcement of the laws.

Practically from the time of its conquest by the Spanish Gen. Hernan Cortez in the middle of the sixteenth century, the Church-State controversy has agitated the country. Cortez told the natives: "Recognize the Church as superior in the world and the King and Queen as sovereign of this land." The result of this policy was a blending of civil and ecclesiastical authority. Of Mexico's sixty-two Viceroys, fully eleven were bishops or archbishops, and clashes between the lay and clerical powers occurred as far back as 1624. It was during the reign of the Spanish King Charles II that the issue came to a head, 150 years later, when he expelled the Jesuits.

It was the Constitution of 1917, however, which really cut the power of the Church, for it based its new clauses on precedents furnished by the Constitution of 1857, which held that the State had the "right to interfere in matters of religious worship and outward ecclesiastical reforms." The 1917 edicts restricted worship to churches under government supervision; denied the Church the right to property ownership; forbade churchmen from holding public office or even voting; made marriage a civil contract; ordained that all public instruction be made secular; and prohibited Congress from discriminating against any religion or creed.

When the Mexico City daily, *El Universal*, published an interview with Archbishop Mora y del Rio, in which he said that "the Episcopate, the clergy and Catholics do not recognize and shall combat articles 3, 5, 27 and 130 of the Constitution," the Mexican Government precipitated the closing of all Catholic schools, religious instruction was banned and priests were required to register.

Campaign Waged—Thenceforth, the anti-clerical campaign waxed fierce, especially in the State of Jalisco, and was only partially abated when the late United States Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow effected a compromise in 1927.

The effect of the restrictions became apparent by 1934, when a survey showed that fewer than 500 priests were allowed to administer religious rites to 14,000,000 people. A year previously, the National Revolutionary (Government) Party had added an Amendment to the Constitution providing for socialistic education that "excludes all religious doctrines and combats fanaticism and prejudice . . . and imbues in the young a rational and exact concept of the universe and social life."

While in such States as Nuevo Leon Catholic schools were left unmolested, in the State of Yucatan every teacher had to take the following oath: "I hereby declare myself an irreconcilable enemy of the Catholic religion and disposed to combat the clergy whenever it shall be necessary."

UP TO INSURGENTS: Neutral Action Balked; Franco Is Left to Win War If He Can

Tongues in cheeks, German and Italian members of the London Neutrality Committee consented last week, after long debate, to participate in its efforts, even tho their hated enemy, Soviet Russia, sent part of her meager war-fleet to the projected international blockade against foreigners and foreign aid in Spain's civil war. It looked, at long last, as if the Committee might achieve at least one act before the war was over.

Pix

In Memoriam: names in the sand above his comrades' graves . . . driven in with bullet shells

Then up spake Portugal. She refused flatly and sonorously, on grounds of "precedent and prestige," to admit a single neutral observer to her soil to check on suspected aid to Insurgent Gen. Francisco Franco's armies.

France, ready to permit neutrals to patrol the Pyrenees on condition that Portugal accept similar surveillance, withdrew her offer. The deal was off. The Committee was back at the starting point.

The upshot was that every one agreed to continue doing nothing, to mark time while the Insurgents, if they could do so, won the war.

Franco Gains—Malaga, Leftist Government's principal naval base, was already in Insurgent hands. Insurgent guns swept the last main road from Madrid to Valencia, had all but cut Madrid's communications to the sea. Franco seemed nearer to winning than he had been since the war began last July.

France reluctantly, Britain willingly

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(since Franco had given assurance that British mining properties in Spain would be restored) agreed, for the moment at least, to continue the motions of trying to enforce neutrality; but not to work too hard at it.

Even Soviet Russia, if reports from Paris could be credited, was "fed up" with the Loyalists' ineffectual conduct of the war and ready to leave them to their fate.

Reasons: Failure of autonomous Catalonia (hinterland of Barcelona) to send adequate aid to Madrid; failure of Madrid either to support the international brigades, formed mainly of Communist sympathizers, or to dispense with factionalism and achieve a unified command; failure to defend Malaga, which Russia regarded as the only strongly Communist center in Spain.

Firing Squads—Malaga, meanwhile, was much less Red last week than the week before. Acting on conquering Gen. Quiepo de Llano's "a quick death to every Marxist," military tribunals were grinding out summary punishment to at least 5,000 captured Leftists. The first day, before the wheels had really begun to turn, the tribunals condemned 150 prisoners, Mayor Entramba Saguas among them, to the waiting Moorish firing squads. Similar fate, when they were starved into surrender, awaited 15,000 of the city's defenders who had sought refuge in the surrounding mountains, there to await without food or ammunition the one chance in a thousand that the city might be retaken.

"I's black, not Red. And I musn't talk or I'll lose my job," whimpered Prison Matron "Senora Florence," American Negro discovered in charge of women prisoners when the Insurgents marched into town. Ladies of quality in her care, released at once on the city's fall, probably saved Florence's life by saying that she was "severe but fair," and that anyway her discipline was "heaven" compared to the horrors of the harbor prison ship on which they had first been confined.

Erasure—All through Malaga, bill-posters spread floods of paste over Leftist posters, covered portraits of Lenin with portraits of Franco, Red propaganda with Insurgent pronunciamentos; did their best to obliterate every trace of the city's recent past.

Spotted by American correspondents as they paraded through the city's burned-out, blackened main street were approximately 1,000 Italians in Spanish uniforms. Tho making no direct mention of Italy's part in the capture, Rome's dailies front-paged it under two-column heads as an "Italian Victory." The Manchester *Guardian's* dispatch put the number of Italians there at 6,000.

In London, British official reports numbered Italians landed at Cadiz at 12,000, gave the total number of Italians in Spain as 50,000, of Germans 20,000.

In Madrid and Barcelona, shaken by Malaga's fall, too-long delayed plans for Army reorganization were furthered with frenzy. Loud declamations that "unified command must be achieved" echoed in both capitals, factionalism and go-as-you-please party armies were denounced. Who the supreme commander should be, no one knew.

Gun-Girls Out—As the first step toward putting more grimness in the war, Madrid's command ordered out of the lines the "Carmens" and "Amazons," picturesque but not overly effective gun-girls in overalls who have been news-photographers' delights since the war began.

From trench-lines to bread lines they go, to join with the other women of Madrid in the dull business of standing hours, even whole days, in line to buy a little rice, beans, oil, bread or cabbage. Women die there, too, under bombing.

Changed in recent weeks, Madrid no longer makes a pretense of "business as usual." By night, not one light glows anywhere.

To broadcasting Gen. Quiepo de Llano, speaking from Seville daily in celebration of his first victory, the end is not far away.

"Next week," he shouts, "we will attack Valencia" (refuge on the Mediterranean coast of the Madrid Government).

"BIG NAMES": Hayashi Pawns Nonentities for Strong Japanese Cabinet

"Let the camel thrust his head under the edge of the tent . . . soon he will have both humps inside," runs an Oriental proverb.

All last week, the Japanese General Staff—its head in the tent with the naming of "moderate" Gen. Senjuro Hayashi as Premier—inched its way toward solid control.

Twisting the famous mustaches modeled on the sweeping horns of *bubalus buffelus,** the bald, sixty-six-year-old Premier asked Parliament (already suspended until the 10th), to adjourn for another four days.

It refused. Hayashi then himself "extended the suspension," and with four days' breathing-space set to work.

Friendly Relations—First, he summoned diplomats of twenty-seven "friendly" nations, among them long-legged, hawk-nosed U.S. Ambassador Joseph Grew. Allotting exactly five minutes to each diplomat, the Premier notified twenty-seven countries that Japan "desires to promote friendly relations . . . . extend foreign trade." That over, Hayashi began ousting the political nonentities he had palmed off as a stop-gap Cabinet, replacing them with some of the strongest "big names" in the Empire.

First to go was Kotaro Nakamura, who, after the shortest term of any War Minister in Japanese history, announced that he had typhoid fever; and retired to a hospital.

Into his still warm shoes stepped squat, burly, granite-jawed General Sugiyama, No. 1 of the Army "Big Three" (LITERARY DIGEST, Feb. 13). This former Inspector General for Military Education is strong man of the group which a week before vetoed the Premiership of Gen. Kazushige Ugaki, choice of the Privy Council, choice of the Elder Statesmen, choice, through them, of the Emperor himself.

Bank Change—Before it had recovered from its astonishment at the cryptic proclamation and at the presence of General Sugiyama in anything labeled a stop-gap Cabinet, Tokyo crackled again with the news that the head of the Bank of Japan, Eigo Fukai, had stepped down, ceding his big desk and ample chair to rugged, strong-willed Seishin Ikeda, long a great power in financial and industrial Japan as head of the Mitsui shipping and industrial empire.

Third "big name" to come into the Cabinet was that of Count Hideo Kodama, in the ordinarily unimportant post of Minister of Communications. Sixty-one, Member of the House of Peers, Grand Chancellor of the Imperial Orders, former chief of the Government of Chosen (Korea), former Governor General of Kwantung (Port Arthur peninsula), Count Kodama has spent most of his official life up to his ears in continental expansion.

Warns Diet—Both humps in the tent, the camel now began to move. Toward Parliament, Premier Hayashi growled that it would do well to greet him more cordially than it had Koki Hirota, last Premier, whom it hooted out of office.

To the Army he first promised that not one *yen* of the new $400,000,000 defense budget (largest Japan ever faced, tho petty beside that of Europe's Powers) would be lopped off for economy's sake. Twenty-four hours later, he cut, without explanation, $13,000,000 each from the Army and Navy.

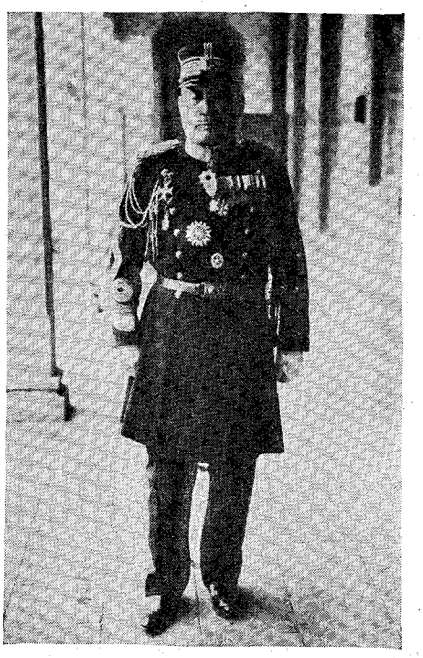
To civilian Japan he announced economies of $76,760,000 in the total budget (which meant that most of the economies would be made in the civilian services).

Taxes Up—Simultaneously, he drew plans for kiting taxes $82,000,000 a year, for the first time bearing down heavily on big business, hitherto lightly taxed despite its low production costs and high profits. Incomes, corporations, business profits, inheritances, interest on capital, gold- and silver-mines, stock exchange profits and luxury sales are all to be pared as never before. Small farms, which heretofore have borne the heaviest burdens are, at the Army's demand, to be relieved.

Hayashi's policy thus far is a carbon copy of "Big Three" policy.

"Give the Army the money." (This year the Army and Navy ask 46 per cent. of the entire budget.) "Help us take it from the rich. . . . Help us take North China for markets and raw materials. . . . All, then, will be well," is the Army's siren song.

In training and power, the transformed Hayashi Cabinet is one almost capable of singing it to the end.



General Sugiyama: No. 1 man of Japanese Army's "Big Three"

*Indian buffalo.

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Parade

Mayfair clubmen gulped their port, tweaked whiskers and stomped gaitered feet recently over a minor scandal which reddened faces of public officials in England and Egypt. A cable signed by the Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture, in London, requested the Minister of Agriculture in Cairo to meet **Lord Derby.**

Puzzled over this extraofficial chore, the Minister referred the matter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, likewise mystified, sent the message to the Embassy. A bright attaché suggested that since Lord Derby was a large owner of land, he might be coming to Egypt to investigate agricultural problems. Therefore his arrival was naturally entrusted to the Minister of Agriculture.

Flanked by orderlies, a special delegate chartered the official launch to facilitate the arrival of the distinguished visitor. Somewhat nonplused, the delegate was conducted below decks to meet His Lordship —a place where celebrities only could be found slumming. Then, completely bewildered, he was planted *vis-à-vis* an enormous bull, product of the Lord Derby estate and sent out to Egypt at the request of the Ministry of Agriculture *in London.*

* * *

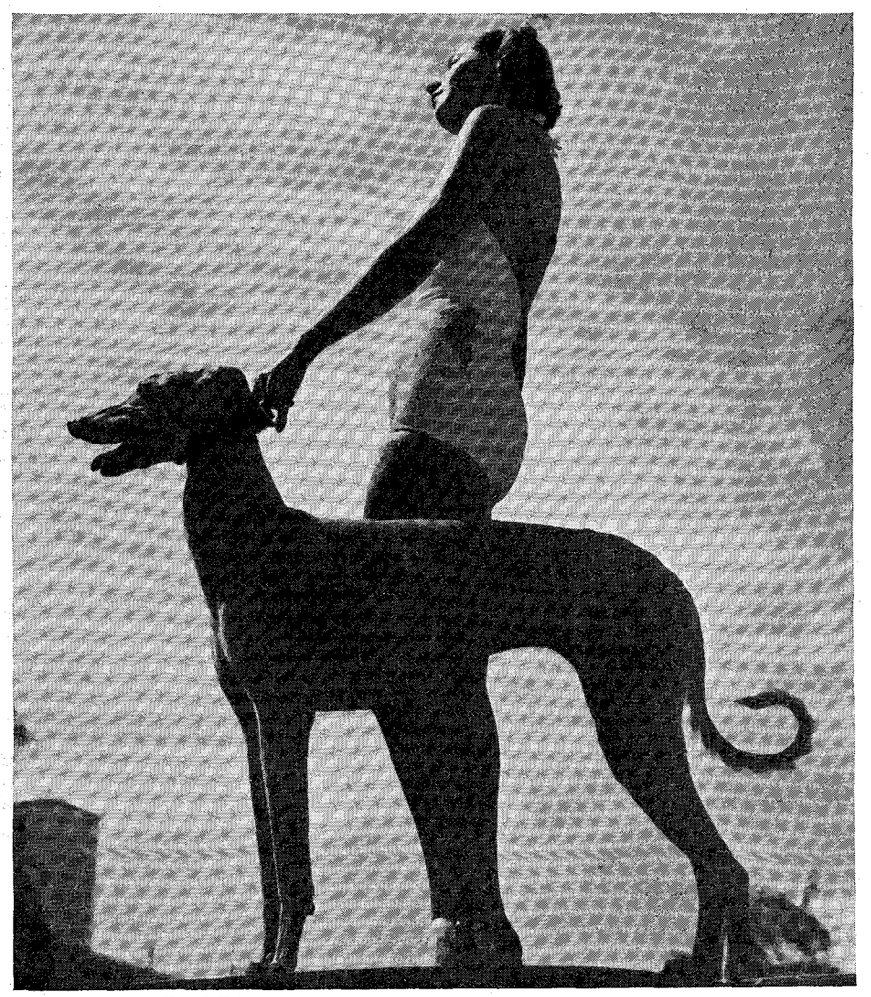
Unusually adept at shaking up musical and artistic livers, **José Iturbi,** Spanish pianist-conductor, provoked America's female musicians into a lather by stating they could never be great in music. "Women reach their finest flower in their own sphere," he added. "They are physically limited from attaining the standard of men, and are limited temperamentally, besides." Defiantly, Antonia Brico, conductor of the New York Women's Symphony Orchestra, retorted: "I would match my women with any musicians in the United States."

* * *

Neither of the literatures produced by college students is worth very much, according to **Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken,** President of Vassar College. "Either they try revealing their own hearts, which are not very full yet," he declared, "or they decide to imitate some well-known author in describing artificial situations which they know even less well than themselves."

* * *

While vacationing at the Miami Beach Hotel in Florida, **Aida Hoffman,** twenty-one-year-old slim New York brunette, posed for a photograph with Town Tavern, a red fawn dog, at the Miami Beach Kennel Club. Altho she had had no previous experience with greyhound racers, the Manhattanite thought the five-time blue ribbon-winner was one swell animal. Town Tavern was born in March, 1934, weighs fifty-seven pounds, belongs to Otto R. Wohlauf, said to be the world's largest greyhound importer. The International Greyhound Racing Association maintains he has brought 586 dogs to the United States since 1926. Fifty-two, a former Tulsa, Oklahoma, electrical supply dealer, Wohlauf was born in Austria.



Courtesy Miami Beach Kennel Club

Aida Hoffman and Town Tavern: stream-lined beauty against Florida skies

* * *

Rep. Hamilton Fish, Jr., believes that wives of the nation's officials get run down by their enforced social activities, "a vicious circle detrimental to health, nerves and disposition." Furthermore, he proposes legislation to "curtail the gentle art of calling in the Capital City." Fish contends that unfortunate wives start at 3:30 in the afternoon, pay as many calls as is humanly possible until 6:30, then return home to find another batch of cards accumulated in their absence.

Relieved by the settling of the famous trial of alleged **Trotzkyites** in Moscow last week, the diplomatic set determined to cut a few capers in the Soviet Capital. But their high spirits for inter-Embassy jollity were dampened by discovery that the only laundry in the city capable of starching shirts had been closed for repairs. Consequently, the frolicsome tour of Embassies by high-stepping diplomats was postponed until they could do it properly in "boiled fronts." Newly-arrived American Ambassador Davies then announced two trips to see Soviet life "at first hand."

* * *

Curious sight in Beverly Hills, California, is the daily quiet stroll of two dogs. The larger, holding a leash in his mouth, leads the smaller. Unmolested, they are observed by hundreds every afternoon. The little dog, named **Cocktail** and belonging to film star Edmund Lowe, is blind. For twelve years, he has been a popular pet with film stars. Now he is led for his stroll by a dog specially trained to lead the blind.

* * *

"Altho students seldom admit it, their love affairs share with lack of study and poor health the blame for failing classwork," observed **Charles W. Reeder,** junior Dean of Ohio State University's School of Commerce. "We can make students study more, or send them to the Student Health Center if they are ailing — but just try to keep them from falling in love. Young men and women enter college just as they are reaching the mating age, and some of those love affairs are much more serious to them than their studies."

* * *

Japanese *intelligentsia,* alarmed at the rise of "Nipponese English" in street signboards, are about to launch a campaign to outlaw these linguistic mix-ups. A leading department store advertising ready-made suits has a placard: "Please Try On Maid." A fashionable tailor has a sign: "Foreign Ladies Has Fits Upstairs." Restaurant menus list "soups differently." Barber signs note: "Head Cutting."

* * *

With costume pictures still occupying considerable **Hollywood** attention, a new industry has come to light. Wig-makers and toupee experts revealed that more than 10,000 European peasants were raising hair for the American movie-makers.

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SCIENTISTS BATTLE NEBULOUS SPOOKS

Radium Prohibited From Air-Mails as Film Destroyer

A news photographer leveled his lenses at a beauty queen and air-mailed his film to his home office. There, in the darkness, the film was developed. But more than half of the lovely lady was blotted out by a strange fog. Her pulchritude had assumed the cloak of an ephemeral ghost.

An Eastern studio rushed a can of movie film to Hollywood. When it was taken from the plane and developed, technicians were amazed at the stars they found—not movie stars, but the weird caricatures *Jack Frost* paints. Soon, few film shipments seemed immune.

Complaints began to flood the Post Office Department in Washington. Officials saw two possible suspects, some one bent upon deliberate sabotage, or worse, one of nature's strange ghosts. A scientific ghost hunt was in order.

Expert Sleuth—J. W. Cole, Deputy Second Assistant Postmaster General, took over the search, called in the Department's most expert sleuth, Al Skinner, famous for tracking down queer mysteries.

Mr. Skinner examined the wrappers of the light-struck film; satisfied that no one had tampered with them, he ruled out sabotage. Then, knowing a lot about the ghosts that haunt the physical world, he roved about post-offices looking for the culprit. Finally, he found something.

In the air-mail section of one of the shipping-rooms stood a box about two feet square. Inside it, packed in cardboard, Mr. Skinner found a cubical lead capsule about the size of a fist. And inside that, he found a platinum-covered glass capsule containing a pinch of sugar-like powder.

It was radium, used in hospitals for cancer treatment, and altho it was packed well enough to protect mail handlers from its burning rays, it was capable of ruining film several hundred feet away.

Last week, therefore, the Post Office Department ruled that radium going its rounds from hospital to hospital must travel by express train. And the post-office spook walks no more.

Another mystery of the scientific age called for the talents of a Harvard professor. Radio operators using short waves began hearing strange noises, described them as emanating from a powerful but erratic broadcasting station.

Admittedly, the chattering jargon that swung up and down the frequencies didn't make sense; but it might have been in code.

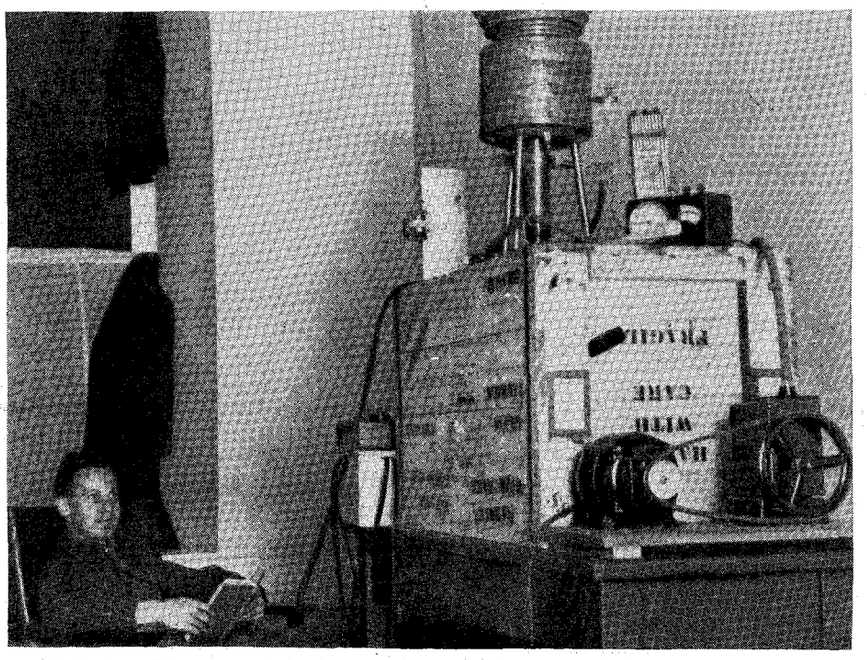
Navy Investigates—The Navy Department began to worry; the frequency was about the same as the one the Navy uses. Spies, secret networks of foreign operatives sprang up in nautical conversation. From all parts of the country, reports kept pouring in. On the West and East coasts, Navy sleuths went to work.

After months of fruitless efforts, the Federal Communications Commission finally called on Prof. Harry Rowe Mimno of the Cruft Laboratory, Harvard University. With three associates, Professor Mimno tracked down the trouble in five days. The Navy's "spies" turned out to be harmless medicos.

When Professor Mimno and his aids caught up with their first culprit, he proved to be the physician attached to Harvard's athletic department. Operating one of the several hundred recently developed "artificial fever machines,"* he was sending short waves into the muscles of an athlete who had been injured on the playing-field. The manufacturers of the apparatus had overlooked the fact that the waves would go farther, and had neglected to shield them.

Thus another of science's ghosts was laid.

But not all of them are exposed so readily. What, for example, causes the eery noises in the Pacific deep off the California coast? A year ago, the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, unable to continue its subsea charting because of them, sent one of its ships, the *Pioneer*, to investigate. After several weeks, she returned, Lieut.-Com. O. W. Swainson reporting he was "more mystified than ever."



Prof. Harry Mimno, spook sleuth, cleared mystery of "strange noises" on Navy wireless

Prompt—The noises start promptly at 11 o'clock each morning and continue until 9 P. M., or later. Tho inaudible to human ears above the water, they make a shattering din in the sensitive mechanical ears of the sonic depth-finders.

Few members said the noises resembled the "dragging of a tin ventilator along a rocky ledge." Lieutenant-Commander Swainson reported that they definitely are not caused by any of the things amateur sleuths had suggested, including:

1. The expansion and shrinking of concrete highways along shore.
2. The friction of seaweed.
3. The clashing of rocks hurled together by waves on the coast.
4. The rumble of steamship engines.
5. The firing of naval guns or the detonation of projectiles.
6. The grinding of drills boring into deep oil-wells.
7. The churning of big fish around the hydrophones.

Strange undersea noises are not limited to the Pacific. Survey ships encountered whispering and grumbling sounds in the Gulf of Mexico, too, but couldn't find the cause.

A different kind of noise, a low-pitched swishing, was heard off the North Carolina coast, but the Coast and Geodetic Survey discovered the source in the daily chorus of a school of grunt fish.

Mars?—Radio has a whole packet of little mysteries. Listeners persistently report they have heard signals originating outside the earth. These come at such frequencies no earthly broadcasting station could have sent them. Imaginative folk think of Mars and the possbility that her inhabitants are trying to get in touch with the earth. More prosaic radio experts believe some unknown cosmic phenomenon causes the broadcasts.

The latest attempt to lay this particular spook is being made at the California Institute of Technology by Dr. G. W. Potapenko and D. F. Folland, who have set up sensitive apparatus in the middle of a ten-acre field near Pasadena.

A few months ago, Dr. Karl G. Jansky of the Bell Telephone Laboratories conducted a series of similar experiments in New Jersey, with a directional radio. He observed three kinds of mysterious signals. Two, he concluded, were varieties of earthly static, but the third was tentatively identified as coming from the stars. When he directed his apparatus toward a certain spot in the Milky Way, Doctor Jansky heard a surprizingly steady crackling and hissing. Whether this is the birth-cry of new stars or the death-cry of old ones, or possibly only another kind of static, Doctor Jansky found it impossible to say.

Moodus-Guns—Two famous earth noises have scientists debating: The "Moodus noises" heard occasionally at Moodus, Connecticut, and the "guns" of Seneca Lake, booming sounds that roll across the

*The use of these fever machines in healing sore muscles, arthritis, rheumatism and syphilis was described in THE LITERARY DIGEST, September 19, 1936.

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calm waters of one of New York State's most beautiful bodies of inland water.

The Moodus noises occurred most recently in 1934. On the evening of October 27, householders rushed to their cellars to see if their boilers had exploded. One woman thought her children had fallen out of bed upstairs. A dance of Moodus firemen halted; panic-stricken dancers hurried home, terrified by the ominous subterranean rumbling.

Prof. Wilbur G. Foye, head of the Department of Geology at Wesleyan College, Middletown, Connecticut, has studied the Moodus noises for years, and believes they are caused by minor earthquakes. But they have never been recorded on any seismograph.

The "guns" of Seneca Lake started a hot scientific argument recently in *Science*, official magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Natural Gas—Prof. Herman L. Fairchild declared that the muffled, distant booming was caused by giant bubbles of natural gas rising up from the bottom of the lake. The gas, he believes, comes from the near-by Dundee gas-field.

Native Upstate New Yorkers prefer their traditional, non-scientific explanation. To them the guns are echoes of ghost-battles of the American Revolution, fought by the wraiths of long-departed patriots and Britishers, banging away at one another until eternity in the best Washington Irving tradition.

SLUMBER STYLES: Sleeping Superstitions Debunked, But Harried Swain Gets Fidgety Rest

Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years and became a classic in slumber. But any man who reaches the age of sixty has also put in a twenty-year sleeping stint, wins no fame for it because he takes his rest in small nightly doses.

If he has the constitution of an Edison, a man of sixty may have spent as few as fifteen years of his life in sleep. If he has the rest requirements of a Woodrow Wilson, he has slept about twenty-five years. He may even be one of those individuals who, according to some psychologists, go through an entire lifetime without ever waking up completely.

Why do we sleep? What is sleep? Science can give no definite, final answer. The mysterious processes are imperfectly understood. The body is larger, the brain smaller when we sleep. Blood vessels of the body dilate, drawing blood from the brain, which becomes relatively anemic when its owner sleeps, as has been visually observed in the cases of persons in whom skull injuries have exposed small portions of the brain.

Revivifier—Sleep is the great restorer and refresher, but not all persons require the same amount of it. Some need none at all. In the little town of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, England, lives a pink-cheeked lamplighter named Arthur Darby who hasn't slept for twenty years. He insists he never feels tired, says he does not intend to go to bed for the rest of his life.

Nevertheless, "that tired feeling" ordinary mortals have when they get up in the morning means either that they have not had enough sleep, or that it has been of inferior quality. Dr. Donald A. Laird, Professor of Psychology at Colgate University, has been studying the subject of sleep for a decade. He estimates that only 50 per cent. of U. S. citizens get proper sleep, basing his conclusions on case histories and reactions to alertness tests.

Habits—Thomas A. Edison is the oft-mentioned example of genius requiring very little sleep. But like many another great man, Edison had the ability to turn sleep on and off like water from a tap. He himself explained that it was not so much a matter of going without sleep as sleeping when he wanted to. Edison often worked sixty hours at a stretch, then slept eighteen hours and awoke fully refreshed. At other times he caught cat-naps.

Robert H. Davis, the noted Editor who discovered Fannie Hurst and hundreds of other famous writers, finds his efficiency stepped up marvelously by taking his sleep quota in two doses. He retires at 9 o'clock, sleeps until 1. Then he gets up and works, finds his brain functions more keenly than at any time during the day. At 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning he goes to bed again and gets up refreshed at 7. Georges Clemenceau followed much the same system.

Lloyd George came through the War with health unimpaired. He explained his sleep habits to United Press Correspondent Webb Miller:

"I slept a quarter of an hour any time during the day when I began to feel fatigued. I gradually trained myself so I could lie down at any time and go to sleep almost immediately, sleeping fifteen or twenty minutes."

Napoleon, Lincoln and Alexander the Great had this trained ability to take sleep as they needed it. But many noted men who are reputed to get along famously with practically no sleep are merely shrewd in their sleep habits. Such a one was Chauncey Depew, non-stop after-dinner speaker, who prepared for late hours by taking naps in advance.

Superstition — Most wide-spread sleep superstition is the old one which holds that sleeping on the left side crowds the heart. The heart actually is almost in the mid-line of the chest. Whatever side a man goes to sleep on, he actually rests on both sides. Doctor Laird has found that the average sleeper changes position ten to twelve times an hour.*

To lure slumber, decorate your bedroom with blues and greens, Doctor Laird advises. Reds and yellows are exciting colors and often inhibit sleep.

The worst sleep disturbance observed by Doctor Laird in his experiments concerned an emotionally involved young man who telephoned his sweetheart, learned she had gone out with a rival.

The harried young man went to bed one hour after his phone call. That night he moved 200 times during his sleep. Normally, he shifted position only seventy-two times in the same period. He got his usual quantity of sleep, but its quality was distinctly inferior.

Most people who do not get proper sleep are unaware of it. The first sign is a change in personality, a tendency to become waspish and irritable. Blue Monday is usually merely an individual's reaction to the fact that he is tired, for Sunday is the worst night of all for sleeping, principally because routine goes by the boards over week-ends.

Hunger—Greatest disturbers of sleep, Doctor Laird believes, are hunger pangs. Just as a baby's stomach is his alarm-clock, waking him at feeding-time, so does an

*How to Sleep and Rest Better, by Donald A. Laird, Funk & Wagnalls Company, 35 cents.

At Peace

Cosmopolite

Belligerent

Unsated

Photos from Vu.

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empty stomach disturb the sleeping adult. A light meal just before retiring often helps to sleep. Blood flows to the stomach to digest the food, leaving the brain relatively anemic, a prerequisite to sleep. The food must be of an easily digested type, however, such as a dairy lunch. A fifteen-minute tub bath with the temperature no higher than 97 degrees is conducive to sleep. If the bed is arranged to expose the head to cold air while the body is cozy beneath warm blankets, sleep usually comes swiftly.

How can one tell when he has had enough sleep? If you awaken without an alarm-clock, you have probably had your full quota. If you feel alert, rarin'-to-go, then your sleep has been adequate. But you are entitled to lie abed for twenty minutes after awakening, according to Dr. Maurice Auguste Boigey. He recently told the French Academy of Medicine that it is necessary to remain in bed for that period to permit the blood circulation, slowed during sleep, to return to normal.

Too much sleep is just as undesirable as too little, according to Dr. Victor H. Lindlahr, who attributes sluggishness to oversleeping. He believes that a person who requires alarm-clocks and coffee to shock him to wakefulness is sleeping too much. Some people, he says, require two or three hours to awaken, and others never wake up.

Children—Normally, the sleep of children is made up of quiet periods alternating with intervals of restlessness. Only one child in 100 sleeps a full hour without moving. The *Illinois Medical Journal* reports experiments with an instrument called the hypnograph which revealed that 15 per cent. of a child's sleeping-time is spent in bodily movements.

Attendance at night cinemas tends to wreck children's sleep, the *Journal* reports, increasing restlessness.

Tested by a device known as the psychogalvanometer, children were found to become twice as excited as adults when watching a motion-picture. The movie stimulus is very powerful to a child. In one instance, the pulse rate of a youngster watching an exciting picture jumped from 80 to 192 beats a minute. Rates of 120 to 140 were common in movie-going children, made their sleep of inferior quality, even tho they may have rested a sufficient number of hours.

Some psychologists attribute special significance to the position one takes in sleeping. Lying on the back with legs straight out, arms and face uncovered, is interpreted as a disposition to face life uncompromisingly. Sleeping with the arm partly around a pillow indicates a subconscious need for affection. The sleeper who rolls up like a kitten, knees drawn toward his chin, is asserted to be unconsciously fleeing the realities of life. It remains unexplained whether or not character changes each time the sleeper shifts position; as he does this at least ten times an hour, the result might conceivably be an oscillating personality.

Sleep has even been used to cure the mental disease, schizophrenia. Dr. A. S. Ivanov-Smolensky of Leningrad recently explained a sleep treatment which he asserts has been effective. Believing the mental illness to be due to paralysis of the higher cells of the brain, he gave drugs to several patients, kept them asleep for two weeks, reported the treatment successful.

Oddest sleeping custom in the world is that of the Urubu tribe in Brazil. There the elders sleep on the ground, the middle-aged on top of them, children piled on in further layers to form a human pyramid. But the most luckless sleeper in history is the Patriarch of the Coptic Church, resident in Alexandria, Egypt. A rite of his sect requires that he be awakened every fifteen minutes when he falls asleep, at any time, day or night.

Engineering

PASTEURIZED AIR: Humidity, Noise, Winter, Summer Controlled by Air-Conditioning

Not even the heat of political argument can upset the Executive Wing of the White House, for it is air-conditioned. Not so the White House proper, whose bedrooms still simmer in Washington's June-to-August swelter. This month, President Roosevelt asked Congress for $10,000 for some one-room summer conditioning units, so that his guests may sleep under their quota of mountain-resort blankets, dreaming, perhaps, of the centuries-old struggle against weather of their cave-man ancestors.

For ever since man went sissy and took to wearing clothes, the weather has been too much for him. Immeasurable is the energy and the share of his income he has spent trying to keep warm at zero and cool at 100 in the shade.

Thousands of years ago, he improved upon the open fire by building a house to seal in the heat. And from the middle ages down to the present, he has been constantly revising furnaces and underwear. The coming of artificial ice made hot spells a bit more bearable. But the sad fact remains: man still catches cold in winter and still sweats in summer.

Humidity—The answer is that old one: "It ain't the heat; it's the humidity." And the Medes and the Persians knew it. They hung wet mats in their doorways and put their slaves to work throwing water over them. The outside air, blowing through the grass mats, lost some of its moisture and filled the room with drier and cooler air.

Several centuries later, in 1911, an American named Willis H. Carrier wove the dripping tapestries of ancient Asia into his Rational Psychrometric Formulae, laying down the principles of modern air-conditioning.

Exactly what is air-conditioning? Do these movie palaces and drug stores have it?

The answer, in most cases, is "no." Air-conditioning is more than a cooling-heating system. Fanning fetid air across ice cakes, or forcing hot air through a building by gravity, are elemental.

According to a definition worked out by leading manufacturers, scientific authorities and the National Better Business Bureau, no air-conditioning system is genuine unless it does the following things:

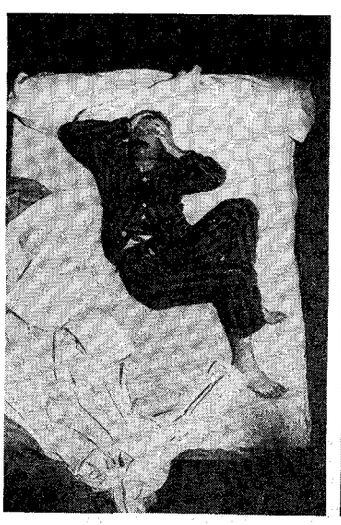
Winter: heats, humidifies and circulates the air.

Summer: cools, dehumidifies and circulates the air.

Comfort—Here lies the chief virtue of air-conditioning in a nutshell:

The normal human temperature is 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. When the weather temperature becomes cold enough to challenge that body figure, the heart pumps

Individualist



Hangover

Pensive

Corkscrew

Photos from Vu.

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more blood, man puts on more clothing and hunts a fire. In extreme heat, when the body temperature is in danger of rising, nature combats this by making man give off heat through processes of perspiration, radiation and convection. As long as he can perspire freely, he can keep reasonably cool.

Now here is where humidity enters as the villain. When air is saturated with moisture, it can absorb no more. Thus, when the humidity is high, it resists body sweat, and the would-be sweater just suffers. In winter, on the other hand, man doesn't get enough humidity indoors. The moisture content of the average overheated home is probably not more than 15 per cent., or approximately that of the Sahara Desert. The mucous membranes of the respiratory passages dry out, increasing liability to colds and all their offshoots—flu, pneumonia, grippe, bronchitis, etc.

Balance—More coal won't solve the problem in winter, mint juleps won't solve it in summer. Air-conditioning strikes the proper balance, not only cooling or heating the immediate atmosphere, but taking away humidity in summer, restoring it in winter. And here's how:

For summer purposes, when a current of warm air is drawn from the outside and passed through a spray of cold water, a cold mechanical refrigeration coil or an apparatus containing ice, it strangely enough gives up its excess moisture. On emerging from this treatment, it may be too cold for human comfort, so it is mixed with warm air again before being circulated. Both the temperature and humidity can be controlled to any point desired.

In the winter, cold air is drawn from the outside and passed through a spray or over a pan of heated water, only now it takes on humidity before being circulated. The same ducts are used to distribute the air in both seasons, the same fans give it forced circulation.

Quiet, Please—But humidity isn't the only villain the ideal air-conditioning system conquers. Street noises, alley cats, factory whistles, trolley-cars and the wailing of the neighbor's baby are shut out as effectively as if one had pressed a button and removed himself to a lonely isle. Reason is, with air-conditioning one can keep the windows shut, get air *via* the basement through ducts which exclude from 50 to 90 per cent. of the sound decibels. And most medical men agree that the noise-exclusion factor not only would improve dispositions generally, but would do much to overcome the present marked increase in mental diseases.

The possibility of air-conditioning reducing the susceptibility to colds and other respiratory disorders in winter also intrigues doctors. Dr. William J. Kerr and Dr. John B. Hagen recently conducted experiments at the University of California. Into a room having a temperature of 73 degrees and a relative humidity of 55 per cent., the two physicians put twenty-eight "sensitives"—persons unusually susceptible to colds—in groups of three to five. Into each group was sent a sneezing sufferer who played cards with the "sensitives," ate with them, drank from the communal glass. No catch. Then the doctors injected cold virus. Still no catch. The subjects simply would not take cold while they stayed in the air-conditioned chambers.

Courtesy Standard Air Conditioning

"A Utopian contraption" under the window is capable of Pasteurizing air

And there are other and minor blessings which manufacturers say will stem from air-conditioning: no soot on the walls or curtains, no peeling wall-paper, no furniture falling apart, no dry scalps—and so on.

Cost—Now as to the all-important point: How much will this Utopian contraption cost? Is it within reach of everybody? And the answer to the second question, in all honesty, is: Not yet, but maybe soon.

The truth is that engineers are cagy about quoting prices for the home as regards central installation, tho the one-room units are sold at established markings and may be set up as easily as a radio or a refrigerator.

A full-sized central unit is another matter entirely. It makes a difference whether you live in Atlanta or Minneapolis, New York or Phoenix. Much depends on the altitude, the latitude, the temperature, the length of the cooling and heating seasons, the direction of the prevailing winds and so on. Differences even exist in the same area—exposure, for example.

Construction—Construction is important. The nearer a house can be hermetically sealed, the better it is. The attic roof must be insulated, for the average attic is hotter in summer than was the Black Hole of Calcutta. Other parts of the house must also be insulated, windows and doors must be weather-stripped, and there should be storm sashes and doors.

Next comes the mechanical equipment. For air-conditioning in winter alone, there must be (1) an air-heating plant which is automatic in operation, that is, operated by oil, gas or a mechanical coal stoker; (2) a unit to humidify the heated air before it is sent into the house; (3) a power-fan system to make it circulate fast enough.

For summer operation, this same heating-plant is used because of its system of ducts leading to all the rooms, only now the process is thrown into reverse, in a manner of speaking. When warm air is drawn from the outside it must be cooled and dehumidified, and for this a refrigerating-unit is required. The same forced circulation fans operate for both winter and summer.

The heating-plant alone—that is, providing both heat and winter air-conditioning by means of humidification and mechanical circulation—costs very little more than any good installation of the pre-conditioning era. It is the summer system that cuts into the bank-account.

A ten-room frame house in Schenectady, New York, was air-conditioned by an electrical manufacturing company for study. The central installation, which covered year-round operation, cost $2,500.

Less expensive, one-room units range from $175 to $500. Engineers impartially recommend them for those who wish to sample the comforts of air-conditioning at minimum cost. Such a unit, they claim, will cool and dehumidify a summery living-room in the daytime; at night, if there is a duct connection, it can cool a bedroom on the floor above.

Operation—Experts are reluctant to give figures on cost of operation. Some engineers estimate that one should calculate the cost of summer cooling about equal to that of winter heating. But much depends upon location and insulation. For the test-house mentioned at Schenectady, the bill for heating was $150 with oil as fuel; the cost of cooling for five months was only $90.

Another expert estimates that to air-condition three rooms in the New York area, using one-room units, would cost about $12 a month in the hot period.

All of which indicates that those who want real summer comfort, Cape Cod weather in regions where heat waves shimmer over sticky pavements and every breath is an effort, must expect to dip into their purses.

But the air-conditioning prophets believe those who have tasted summer bliss in cool movies, stores, trains and elsewhere will find a way to surmount high cost, especially since it should inevitably fall with increased production.

Prospects—They argue thus: A man who owns an automobile may spend 60 cents or more to make a six-mile round trip, counting gasoline, oil, upkeep and depreciation, while he could make the same journey for from 10 to 20 cents by subway, bus or street-car, depending on transportation rates in his locality. He is willing to pay more for the comfort, convenience and speed of his car.

When automobiles first chugged and smoked onto the horizon, they were only playthings for the rich—and very unreliable ones at that. Now almost any one can have one. Mechanical ice-boxes and radios went through the same stage. The dreamers among the air-conditioners hope for similar development.

Mr. Carrier predicts that the year 1941 will mark the real invasion of the comfort process into the residential field. His argument is that a man who worked in an air-conditioned office, rode to that office in a train or bus so equipped, ate in cooled restaurants and took his amusement in refrigerated theaters was not going to be content to go home and try to sleep in his own equivalent of steaming jungles.

William J. Demorest, a New York real estate leader, predicted last year that the air-conditioning of apartments would be general in ten years.

Boom—The business has already grown into a large one as far as money goes, and thousands of new jobs have been created. According to figures of the Department of

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Commerce on sales of air-conditioning equipment for all purposes as reported by the manufacturers, the volume for the first ten months of 1936 was $15,731,724, indicating that about $20,000,000 will represent the full year's business.

Estimates for 1937 place the total at almost double that figure. Merchants know that air-conditioning "pulls 'em in off the street" in hot weather. And this year the largest installation in the world will be completed in the J. L. Hudson Store in Detroit.

To-day, the air-conditioning roster contains endless variety. In addition to the industries, commercial establishments, hotels, office buildings, government structures, railroads and countless other institutions which have full equipment, steamship lines and bus companies are taking it up, and experiments have even been made with automobiles.

Private homes are joining the procession, tho comparatively few in number so far. Here and there over the country are found building developments advertising houses for $15,000 and under as completely air-conditioned. For many of these the term is improperly used. Some are conditioned for winter alone—that is, equipped to heat, humidify and circulate the air properly—with the ducts handy in the walls for such time as the householder can afford to add the summer cooling apparatus.

Utopia may be a long way off, but at least the engineers have put Mark Twain in his place. For it is no longer true that—

"Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it."

Parlor Tricks

PARTY PRANKS: Smart Hostesses Rocket Market in Scramble for New Games

They say there's no trick to entertaining, but to-day's up-to-date host or hostess ought to know not one but a whole hatful of parlor tricks.

Not that every one should know how to pitch forty-eight packs of cards into a hat ten feet away, *à la* Fred MacMurray of the movies, or do a Sinclair Lewis imitation of a monocled Britisher swooning with ennui.

Certainly, even for the sake of informality, the average host would hesitate to plant an eavesdropping microphone in the ladies' nose-powdering room, as Actor Preston Foster once did.

Nevertheless, people are working harder nowadays to entertain their guests (and themselves). Fact is that, along with many other things, party psychology has changed during the depression era. The tempo of life has been stepped up to meet eight-cylinder social and business proc-

esses. The result is, say party *impresarios*, our minds are collapsing under new strains, calling for a different release of pressure.

Hence, the old-fashioned (*sic*) silent, foursome card game, and the straight, stiff conversation-and-drinking *soirées* are no longer popular. Smart society is less enthusiastic about backgammon and *pachisi;* bridge, too, is hardly the penthouse rage it once was. In their place have come tricks, magic and gambling games.

Amuse Guests—There is more singing, more piano playing, more general informality and friendliness. Guests, retreating from the dulness of the typical cocktail party, want to be amused. They don't

want to talk shop; they want to see their fellow guests turn parlor handsprings, juggle *bons mots,* pull rabbits out of dowagers' hand-bags.

Hosts, therefore, expect their guests to do *something.*

This quickening of the pace at parties has put the average guest on his mettle. It is harder to get himself across. His bag of tricks must be constantly increasing. For the chances are he'll find many more "tight" holes to jump out of.

This is chiefly the reason why the puzzle-mind is the party-mind as against the drinking-mind of a few years back. Quick to see this, puzzle-makers are reaping a rich harvest in new tricks.

Industry Up—The game industry as a whole is up 50 per cent. over last year, up 100 per cent. over the depression low. Five and one half million sets of Monopoly have been sold, $25 mahogany sets now being manufactured for the Park Avenue trade.

Games which go over to-day are part skill, part luck, but easily adaptable to gambling. Parker Brothers, publishing

house for puzzles, receives 300 ideas a day. S. S. Van Dine, noted mystery writer, has designed a superdetective puzzle-game for them, which is coming out in March.

This week-end, the National Puzzlers' League will convene in New York, review one of the biggest years in puzzle history. Chief item of interest in the discussion will be resolutions condemning the hyphen as an unnecessary complication to the brain-weary word-puzzler.

Magic Tricks—Next to games, simple magic tricks easy to learn are in vogue at parties. Hundreds of persons are learning them.

Because of this interest, says John Mulholland, noted magician, professionals are doing a land-office business. Fulton Oursler, Editor, usually drives fellow guests frantic by his magic tricks. Hugh Herbert,

the film actor, brings down the house with his sleight-of-hand.

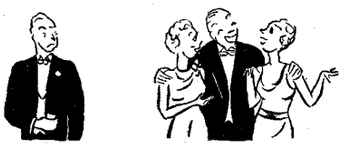
A Washington party is liable to produce a flock of amateur magicians. One of the best is Dean J. Longfellow, Red Cross executive, who can almost make a rope talk.

Richard Himber is an expert. Mark Warnow, radio orchestra conductor, turns on his hypnotism at parties.

Ogden Mills took lessons from the famed magician Jules to learn the three-shell trick.

Technique—But a rabbit-pulling or coin-disappearing act will not suffice for parties to-day. There's a definite psychology to acquire. More activity means more people, a higher hilarity pressure. It involves a new *savoir faire* technique. Neysa McMein describes the party types and how to cope with them:

Bore: get him to talk about himself (Elsa Maxwell's technique is to put all bores together, whereupon they have a very good time being even more boring as a collection); chatterbox: listen if you can, eat, try not to sleep; clinging vine:



tell him there is insanity in your family, that your head has been getting bigger and bigger for years; expert: bluff him into thinking you know more about it than he does, unless you're really interested; if so, listen; snob: if he says he has seen you somewhere before, but doesn't . . . ah . . . know quite where, tell him you sold him a necktie in the five-and-ten-cent store; severe critic: take the other side, keep your end up until he conciliates; grouch: ask him if he's ill and tell him how sorry you are; fawning dowager: walk, don't run, to the nearest exit; conceited person: tell me about yourself? . . . but be prepared to run if he actually does; infant prodigies and juniors in general: ignore unless they are your own, in which case put them to bed; the side-burned foreign type: (no comment, Neysa McMein says she's crazy about them); drunks: no hope, no haven from this vicious breed; name-slinger (the side-kick who thinks he knows every one): first dislike him, then disbelieve him, lastly, if possible, escape him.

Perfect Guest—The theory to-day is that no social contact is pure relaxation; the guest must put himself out for other people. Therefore he should:

(1) Recognize his obligations to his host, not be casual, try to add to the party; (2) behave, and for heaven's sake, stay sober; (3) never be coy about using his talents; (4) have an agile mind, try to bring other people out; (5) in order to give host some satisfaction, show gratitude after the party; (6) *don't* go to a party for a rest.

The basic trouble with the modern

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guest is simply that he goes to too many parties, just for the sake of going. The complaint against women is that they often do not dress well enough, are, as a rule, poor conversationalists. For the host, the easiest guests to entertain are those married ten years and upward; young guests from fourteen to eighteen are the hardest; those from eighteen to

twenty-five most cynical of fun in any form.

Originality—All in all, ideas to put yourself over with a bang at parties or save yourself from those is-my-face-red moments are unlimited. To-day, originality counts a lot, and the world's celebrities know this.

Dave Rubinoff entertains friends by ingeniously guessing how old they are and how much money they have in their pockets.

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin chats Russian with Charles Hanson Towne, the columnist, and he chats back, poker-faced, in pure gibberish.

While at sea, Jack Root, ex-pugilist and globe-trotter, amuses pick-up ac-

quaintances by flipping bird shot across the room with his agile tongue, pretending they are "sea lice."

The build-up used by George Bernard Shaw is a series of funny faces. Francis Yeats-Brown, the novelist, stands on his head.

No. 1 pastime at Hollywood parties is talking "pix." Nevertheless, no party is complete without tricksters. William Powell does a lot of stunts with a glass of water and a broom. For lariat-spinning, Clark Gable could show the buckaroos something. And Noel Coward is regarded by many experts as the arch trickster of the age.

Manners Lamented—Last week, Emily Post, world-famous party and etiquette expert, lamented the decline of manners to-day. The new friendliness, she said, may yet, however, bring a finer understanding of the principle of good sportsmanship, which is behind all good manners.

What seemed most tragic to her to-day was that girls could not be entertaining in most cases without drinking. She said that one of the best ways for a girl to refuse a drink was to smoke. This kept other people from thinking she had nothing to enjoy, left her with a sort of harmless substitute vice.

As for the male, she stated that, after all, the only thing he has is his intellect, and if he doesn't use that in entertaining conversation for his guests' sake, or for his host's sake, he is not living up to his social obligations.

Psychology

BOISE SNICKERS: New Personality Quiz Shows Men Less Emotional Than Women

What is your emotional age? Is it childish, skidding toward the infantile, average, normal or better, or—improbably—perfect? How can you tell?

For the last decade, psychologists have devised popular tests which reputedly answer these questions—as easy as pie. They are personality quotient tests. They consist of a varying number of simple questions about every-day behaviorism. The quotient is derived from the usual arbitrary scoring in such psychological experiments. In effect, it indicates the degree of emotion control, or stability; hence, your emotional age.

Ever since J. George Frederick, New York author and business psychologist, wrote his famed "What Is Your Emotional Age?" back in 1928, big corporations, factories and private institutions have used these tests to advantage to pick the right workers, aid employee adjustment and harmony. Schools and colleges, among them Barnard and Swarthmore, have found them fascinating for campus guinea-pig experiments. But last month it remained for a short, pink-faced obscure Idaho professor to submit virtually a whole small city to the test; yank himself into a controversy which last week was not ended.

New Test—The experimenter was Norman B. Adkison, head of the Department of Psychology and Education of Boise Junior College. An ex-newspaper man who got his M. A. at Columbia University, Professor Adkison came across the Frederick Test (see box) in a text-book by Dr. Wayland F. Vaughan of Boston University. After campus experiments, he

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"THE BOOKKEEPER ALWAYS COUNTS 'TIL A THOUSAND BEFORE HE LOSES HIS TEMPER!"

—By Ed Nofziger

marched around to the Business and Professional Women's Club and the men's Ad and Exchange Clubs, found the members eager to try it. Solemnly, he warned: "There must be absolute honesty in your answers; this is a test of honesty of introspection, in summing yourself up."

Test-takers answered questions gaily, promptly. Each answer counted a number of points. The total was divided by twenty-five. The quotient of this indicated their "emotional age in years." Highest age attainable was twenty-five. It indicated perfect stability. Lowest was under ten. It showed irrepressible infantile instability.

Boise Chuckles—The published results made most of Boise's 30,000 citizens chuckle heartily. The women rated lower than men. The Ad Club, made up mostly of young men, scored second highest. Their low quotient Professor Adkison ascribed to natural professional flights of fancy

HOW TO TEST YOUR EMOTIONAL AGE

Circle with a pencil the figures beside each "Yes" or "No" after every question. Add up the total from all the answers, then divide by 25. The result should give your emotional age in years. Classifications are:

Age 25, perfect! 20 to 25, normal or better; 18 to 20, average; 16 to 18, nearing the infantile; 14 to 16, not grown up; 12 to 14, adolescent; 10 to 12, childish; below 10, infantile.

1. Do I get discouraged rather easily, and have moods and occasional fits of depression? Yes 11, no 21.
2. Am I rather fond of "cutting a dash" with my clothes and do I enjoy attracting attention to myself with my dress or manner? Yes 7, no 20.
3. Am I cool and self-possessed in emergencies? Yes 26, no 7.
4. Am I inclined to be very positive, irritable and dogmatic when I am arguing a question against strong opposition? Yes 12, no 30.
5. Is solitude, or being alone, enjoyable to me? Yes 40, no 8.
6. Do I often say things which I later regret? Yes 10, no 20.
7. Are my relations with my family peaceful and sweet? Yes 31, no 9.
8. Do I frequently take offense at words or actions of others? Yes 11, no 20.
9. Do I really admit I am wrong when I know I am wrong? Yes 26, no 10.
10. Am I inclined to blame others for my failures and mistakes? Yes 7, no 26.
11. Do I place myself first in nearly all my relationships? Yes 6, no 25.
12. Is it my idea that I haven't had a very good "break" from life? Yes 11, no 29.
13. Am I inclined to live beyond my means? Yes 13, no 26.
14. Have I an underlying sense of inferiority or lack of confidence in myself, which I try to hide? Yes 7, no 25.
15. Do I incline toward tears when attending an emotional play? Yes 5, no 30.
16. Do little annoyances tend to "get my goat"? Yes 11, no 28.
17. Am I inclined toward impressing my superiority on other people? Yes 7, no 25.
18. Am I domineering? Yes 12, no 30.
19. Do I have "tantrums" when I am upset or displeased? Yes 5, no 20.
20. Am I frequently looking for sympathy from others? Yes 7, no 24.
21. Am I a "good hater" (some one who has active dislikes and antagonisms toward some people)? Yes 7, no 21.
22. Do I get pangs of envy and jealousy when others I know have successes? Yes 11, no 21.
23. Am I very considerate of the feelings of other people? Yes 22, no 7.
24. Do I get angry or peeved frequently or have "tiffs" with people? Yes 10, no 20.
25. Have I ever thought of murdering some one, or committing suicide? Yes 5, no 20.

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and imagination. The Exchange Club, a slightly older group, had the highest emotional age—a mark of greater stability.

Back in his study, Professor Adkison sifted results; came to this tentative conclusion: Either women are endowed with more innate honesty, or men are more stable emotionally. "Naturally, one would expect women to be more emotional than men, because of their biological heredity, but these figures puzzle me."

One of the women examined, Miss Napina Hanley, a trained nurse, whose profession demands emotion control, scored nearly 24. A stenographer, whose name was withheld, scored only 8.5. She was much ashamed of herself. No matter, her rating fitted her, Professor Adkison said. She was, he explained, a "sparkling bright girl who says what she thinks and is bubbling with enthusiasm"—or (technically and ironically!) lacking control.

Highest among the men was Prof. A. Strachan, pianist and organist, with a 24. Marks of 23 each went to Ross Cady, a laundry manager; S. K. Atkinson, a mining engineer, and Howard Potter, an accountant.

Donald Whitehead, ex-ad man and pharmacy manager, was proud of his rating of nine years. He said he considered it necessary to let his emotions ramble in his business. He had to write good ads, build displays, appeal to the emotions of customers. H. R. Cleaver, lumber company manager, was surprized—and even doubtful—at his emotional age of 12.7 years. Harry T. Bigham, owner and manager of a large department store, brought in a 9.

Unbelievers—Spreading the *Idaho Statesman* firmly on their knees, some housewives snapped: "Bosh!" They felt, along with many other citizens, that the test's outcome could be controlled too much by whimsy; or, if you please, downright falsehood.

Last week, Professor Adkison stuck to his guns: "The results were gratifying. Many of the women have stated the tests had helped them to find their weaknesses or emotional instability. They said they already were improving in control—on such emotions as anger, fear, inferiority complex and in permitting petty annoyances to upset them. The greatest advance in the next few years will be in training toward control of our emotions and this is a control of our personality."

Stage and Screen

RICHARD II: Emancipated Bookkeeper Star of Best Stage Performance in 30 Years

On November 8, 1875, Edwin Booth, a bellowing actor, reached down into his file on Shakespeare and withdrew from it a play that had slain the reputations of more fearless players than Booth possibly could have counted on all ten of his unquestionably graceful fingers.

Not for thirty years had any actor in America dared the Protean rôle of *Richard II*, that amiable abdicator, in the play of the same name. Undaunted, wishing to nail "King Richard II" to his mast, Booth opened the play. It was no triumph. Once more the rôle had wound itself around a daring actor and throttled him.

Last week in New York, Maurice Evans, an emancipated British bookkeeper, dared the rôle. No one had played it in the United States, commercially, since Booth's disaster. Next morning, after cheers from a First Night audience, Evans wakened to the most ecstatic critical reviews of the season, found himself described as hero of the finest performance in the American theater "in at least fifty years."

Only a few years ago, elbow-deep in sleeve protectors, Evans was methodically keeping books for a song-publishing and theatrical firm. By day he totaled columns of figures, by night he dreamed of becoming an actor. It seemed an unattainable dream, but accident helped him. One of his employer's actors dropped out of a rôle in a new play, Evans was asked if he could get up in the part quickly enough to open. It developed that he already knew the part.

He was from the beginning an exceptional actor. To-day, less than thirty years old, he is accounted one of the most distinguished and able players in the English-speaking drama. Some critics unreservedly call him the best.

Two years ago he essayed a Shakespeare repertory at the Old Vic in London, tucking such variable rôles as *Iago, Benedick, Petruchio, Hippolytus, Silence, Hamlet* under his nimble arm. Lastly, for five weeks, he played *Richard II*.

He was summoned to New York by Katharine Cornell for *Mercutio* in her now renowned production of "Romeo and Juliet." Later, he succeeded Basil Rathbone in the *Romeo* rôle and was an immediate sensation. When she produced "St. Joan," he played *The Dauphin*, won acclaim.

Earlier this season, departing bruskly from Shakespeare and Shaw, he played *Napoleon* in an item about that doughty corporal called "St. Helena." His triumph was individual. The play languished.

Masterpiece—His *Richard II*, played by a company of skilled actors magnificently dressed in Plantagenet costumes, is eloquent, live, deeply affecting and exciting. He holds that the rôle and play may be counted among Shakespeare's masterpieces, dimming other plays to nothing, and last week in the St. James Theater proved it, Proved it, that is, for so long as Evans is in the name part.

Evans and Deering . . . King and Queen

As King, in the elegant, trifling court of Richard of Bordeaux; as King set upon by the brawling, vengeful Henry Bolingbroke; as King acquiescing in abdication, and as murder-bait in bleak Pomfret Castle, a pretty doll stripped of title, throne and goods, Evans compasses all of the emotions Shakespeare sprayed into the play.

Curiously, Avon's Will gave to another personage in the play its most stirring lines, words that have come down through time as the greatest patriotic speech ever written. It falls to *John of Gaunt*, magnificently played by Augustin Duncan, to begin the death-bed apostrophe to England with the immortal lines: "This royal throne of Kings, this sceptered isle, this earth of majesty . . . this England."

Able Support—Even so, in the face of that thumping cry, *Richard II* recaptures his command of play and audience with that profoundly moving expression of hopelessness, beginning "Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs."

Evans had resounding support from Ian Keith, Hollywood-strangled for several years. Keith's attack, in the rôle of *Bolingbroke*, was bullock-like, was thunderous and vivid. He was the conquering usurper at all times, mixing revenge with greed in equal parts.

Less effective, mainly because saddled with a thankless rôle, was Olive Deering in the part of Richard's *Queen*.

When the arduous task was ended, Evans received and responded to sixteen curtain calls from a rapt First Night audience. Then the curtain dropped. On stage, his cast stood in line. He turned from the curtain, faced them. They looked expectant.

It is the custom for stars to say a few graceful things to the cast that has helped make a triumph.

Weary, smiling exhaustedly, Evans looked at them, then spoke.

"Matinée," he said, "to-morrow."

Then he went to his dressing-room.

Critics peppered adjectives on him next day:

Richard Lockridge, New York *Sun*: "It is a tale of violence and rebellion, told as it should be told, to the flourish of trumpets. . . . Mr. Evans threads his way brilliantly through the labyrinth of Richard's character."

Douglas Gilbert, New York *World-Telegram*: "His final curtain was greeted with cheers, a spontaneous and merited outburst from an audience experiencing an exalted evening in the theater."

DRAMATIC POETS: Shakespeare and Anderson Lead; Mayerling Tragedy Replotted

Broadway, counting its checkers the other day, discovered with a faint startle that seventy plays had been produced since last autumn, that two men between them had furnished one-tenth of the total product.

What was more startling was that the

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men were dramatic poets. Shakespeare, champion of the field, was author of four plays.

America's first dramatic poet of power and consequence, Maxwell Anderson, was author of three.

Customarily, the shrewd counting-house masters of the modern theater would have hooted down the road any one brash enough to have suggested that the largest audiences and most cash response would come to dramatic poets with poetic plays. The counting-house masters are convinced, even now, that sex, farce, melodrama and gauzy comedy are what the public wants. The public is proving otherwise.

Anderson's third play for the season is "The Masque of Kings." It has not the poetic fervor of "The Wingless Victory" and "High Tor," but it has an especial flavor of its own, admirably suited to the work of making play-material out of the Mayerling tragedy of January 30, 1889.

Mystery—On that portentous dawn, in the royal hunting-lodge, Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria-Hungary and his paramour, eighteen-year-old Mary Vetsera, were found shot dead. There still exists no official explanation. The world has divided itself in theories: he killed her, then shot himself; they died together in a suicide pact; they were murdered for purposes of State.

Anderson weaves an entire play up to a new explanation for the deaths. His play, with much persuasion and the customary fine Anderson writing, takes all the titillating speculation out of it. He presents a blunt, bleak pair of reasons for the two deaths:

Vetsera, he suggests, killed herself when Rudolph discovered that early in their fervid romance she had been paid to spy on him. She did not premeditate shooting herself, acted on it impulsively when she saw him turn cold to her. Rudolph, shocked by her death, unable to reconcile himself to continuation of the cruel but vapid business of being a Crown Prince, summed up the futility of his position and killed himself.

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA — "Libeled Lady"; "Winterset"; "That Girl From Paris"; "Lloyds of London"; "One in a Million"; "The Plough and the Stars"; "The Good Earth."

AAA—"The Garden of Allah"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

Thus, Anderson dashes away any talk of pacts, murder and suicide or even the exciting thought of State murders.

Dislikes Throne—Rudolph is portrayed as an intelligent, observant young Prince, possessed of a mind which perforce makes him liberal politically.

The stuffy court, the waves of killings essential to preserving the throne of his father, Emperor Franz Josef, sickened him.

He was cozened by spies and plotters into an abortive revolution against his father, and actually seized the throne, keeping it for five hours.

Just as night was turning to dawn, his followers put it up to him: He must kill his father to maintain his new-won position. He could not stomach it, had counted on a liberal, intelligent reign, free from political assassinations.

In despair, he abandoned the revolution, went to Mayerling. There he was unexpectedly joined by frantic, tearful Vetsera. The deaths ensued and the causes for them were hushed by an Emperor who was no novice at cleansing scandals.

Anderson's text abounds in rugged writing, in fine flights of eloquence, but the poetry does not achieve the heights found in "High Tor." It is possible the nature of the plot forbade such flights.

His addiction to a theme of futility, becoming plainer with each play, is discerned in this one.

Duel—Henry Hull makes a dashing, romantic thing of the rôle of Rudolph, but is forced by the veteran, resourceful Dudley Digges to engage in an acting duel which results in spirited, peak performances from both. Digges is excellent in the Franz Josef part.

Margo, unforgettable as the girl in Anderson's towering "Winterset" last season, is appealing, honey-toned and deeply tragic as the Baroness Vetsera, a lost lady trapped by circumstance.

The Theater Guild, which until now has not fared well this season, regains its customary eminence with "The Masque of Kings."

Gilbert W. Gabriel, New York *American:* "Truly, the thing's nobly, now and then gloriously, composed."

Brooks Atkinson, New York *Times:* "It is a searching study of character quite as much as a fateful love-story."

Claire Trevor and Michael Whalen weave their way through a romance 'mid goofy humans

HIPPED HEIRESS: "Time Out For Romance" Amusing Comedy With Claire Trevor in Lead

Whenever the wily cinema runs out of more valid subjects for the screen, it turns, lightly but confidently, to the pranks of an heiress. Any heiress will do, so long as her riches are authentic and her spirit gallant.

It was so with the memorable "It Happened One Night," in which Miss Claudette Colbert portrayed as shapely an heiress as a combing of the blue book would disclose, and it is so, less memorably but still amiably, with "Time Out For Romance."

Another custom in which Hollywood indulges itself in is that of making all heiresses slightly demented in the matter of their zeal to marry a title.

This time, the impetuous heiress is Miss Claire Trevor. She is married to a Count. She learns that her father paid the Count $500,000. It angers her. These heiresses! She runs away and joins a motor-caravan starting for California. Meanwhile, her mother has announced to the press that the girl is unbalanced. Temporarily, of course, but unbalanced.

Goofy Humans—Would it amaze any one to learn that the caravan contains a crackpot assortment of goofy humans? There is the pleasant, eligible youth, a vaudeville team, an escaping jewel thief, a somewhat dotty candid camera amateur and his bubbly wife. There are others, too, but these suffice.

Naturally, boy and girl believe each other guilty of stealing jewels but, in the happy end, all is straightened and romance conquers all, including the cast.

This dainty mélange is whipped up into amusing, palatable film fare by that comedic master, Malcolm St. Clair. In the silent days, his sophisticated comedy direction made his films tremendous successes. The same technique makes this talking-film pleasant and ingratiating.

A 20th Century-Fox product, it may be set with other genteel comedies of the season.

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Letters and Art

PRINT HUNTING: Subject Matter, Rarity, Quality, Condition Determine Values of Lithographs

Collecting Currier and Ives prints, for an amateur who doesn't know the rare from the ordinary, is a little like prospecting for gold. The prospector may pan many a nugget, all of some commercial value, but it is a rare day when he stumbles on one actually worth its proverbial weight.

Altho there are 7,500 known titles, it has been impossible to estimate the number of prints these lithographers issued during their fifty years, a long life for any firm in the business of publishing at top speed. Thomas Worth, a cartoonist, told Harry T. Peters (author of the authoritative book on Currier and Ives and owner of the largest and most valuable collection) that one of his many comic drawings ran into an edition of 90,000.

From an unlimited number of prints on the market, the chances of finding a valuable one by accident are fairly slim, tho it happens often enough to spur the public into searching out attics and haunting antique dealers.

Profit—Peters, who has the knowledge and advantage of an authority, by chance spotted what he believed to be a moderately rare print a few years ago in Newport, Rhode Island. There to place his son in school, he wandered into an antique shop, and asked whether they had any Currier and Ives. The dealer dug out "The Life of a Hunter — A Tight Fix," published in 1861 after a painting by Arthur F. Tait. He wanted $15 for it. Peters paid $10. Soon after, Peters had the pleasure of seeing the same print fetch $3,000 at auction—a record price.

The original painting, supposedly sold for a small sum at a recent auction in New York, has disappeared. If the owner bought it simply because he liked it, and without knowing the painter or the picture's value, he has a surprize and sizable fortune coming to him.

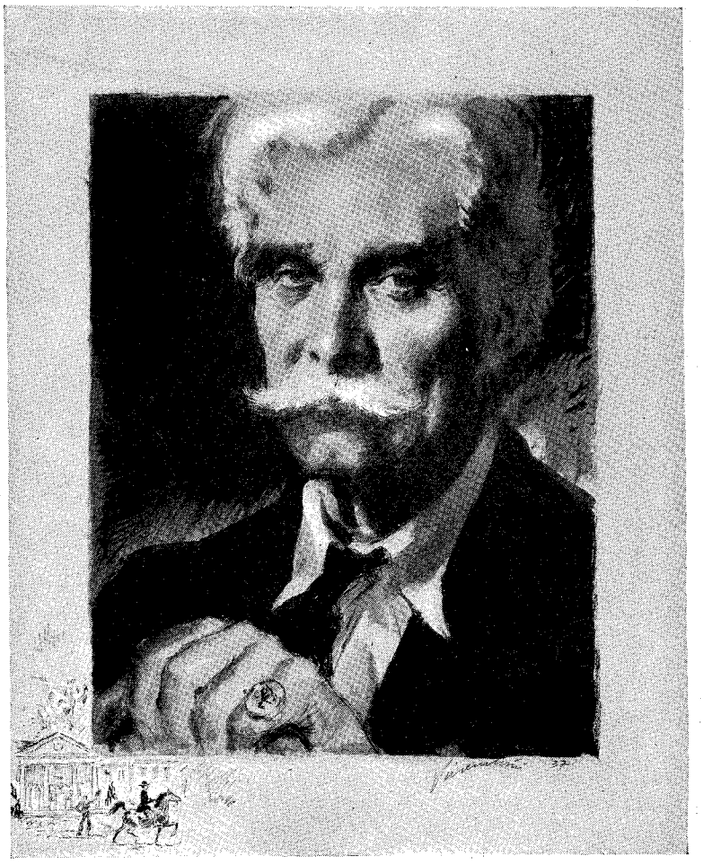
Nathaniel Currier started to learn lithography when he was fourteen, as apprentice to one of the first lithographic establishments in the country, the firm of Pendleton Brothers, in Boston. After five years he came to New York and started business with a man named Stoddart, but the partnership lasted only a year.

By 1835, he had started his own firm to get out newspictures.

Partnership—Four years later, Currier published the first print that was to precede the flood of popular lithographs and establish him and his subsequent partner, James M. Ives (who had been Currier's bookkeeper), as the kings of American print-makers.

The first Currier lithograph was "The Burning of the Lexington," which also turned out to be the forefather of present-day speedy newspictures. It was distributed with copies of the New York *Sun* one week after the disaster.

Because the publishers put their finger on the pulse of social history, Currier and Ives prints from the beginning appealed



A gentleman from Virginia

HE SHAVED 2000 TIMES WITH A SCHICK

He has used a Schick Shaver for nearly five years — shaving every day and twice on Saturday and Sunday. He has shaved more than 2000 times and his Schick works as well today as the day he bought it. How could shaving cost less than this?

But cost is nothing compared to the sheer joy of painless, quick and close shaves with the Schick.

Our Virginia gentleman solemnly told us that he would part with any other personal possession — even his ring with the family crest — rather than give up his Schick if he could not buy another.

Why deny yourself this pleasure another single day?

Imagine the comfort of shaving even on the coldest morning with a Schick. No water and soap — no lather to fuss with. No blades to cut or scrape — nothing but a gentle rubbing with the *flat* shearing plate (which does not move mechanically). The two-way action of the Schick quickly and easily shears every hair *below the level* of the tiny mounds of the skin — and *you cannot possibly cut yourself.*

Schick shaves cost less

Look beyond the price of the Schick to this fact. Your shaving will cost less over a period of time. And every day you live and shave you will enjoy the greatest single comfort a man may have in his personal life.

Do not postpone your decision! Go to one of our dealers and ask him to show you the Schick Shaver. Be sure he is an *authorized* dealer through whom we guarantee and service Schick Shavers.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco.
In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

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Courtesy The Old Print Shop

Currier and Ives print "The Life of a Hunter—a Tight Fix" brought highest price

to the masses. Their price matched the public's purse. The small folio size (10 inches by 14) retailed for 15 to 25 cents each. The large size (24 by 30) sold for $1.50 to $3. Ninety per cent. of all their editions were the smaller, inexpensive prints.

From such a tremendous output, it is only natural that there exists a large proportion of prints that are worthless, from a collector's point of view. The ordinary run of sentimental, religious and juvenile prints, portraits and death-bed scenes have no great value, altho they remain popular. To-day, they sell at about $3 to $10.

Value Basis—Prized by collectors and valued anywhere from $150 to $1,000 or more are the winter scenes, railroad and clipper ship prints, views of old New York, scenes of hunting, fishing and the traditional life and occupations of the era, and a very few turf scenes (there are 550 versions of this subject alone).

Four elements determine the value of a Currier and Ives:

1. Subject matter.
2. Rarity.
3. Quality.
4. State of preservation.

Where they had a good original painting to go by, the artistic merit of the prints was invariably better. The most valuable ones are from paintings by George H. Durrie, who specialized in winter scenes; Arthur F. Tait, foremost nineteenth century painter of hunting and fishing subjects and a member of the National Academy, and James E. Buttersworth, famous for his clipper ships.

The most prized lithographer is Louis Maurer, who lived to be 100 and died only three years ago. On marine subjects, collectors look for the name of Charles Parsons. But the most prolific of the lithographers was Mrs. Fanny F. Palmer, who defied the conventions that frowned on women working, and supported herself and children when her husband took up a career of drinking. She is supposed to have remarked to Currier, after her husband fell down a flight of steps and broke his neck, that "it was the nicest thing he ever did for me."

Harry Shaw Newman, owner of The Old Print Shop in New York (where President Roosevelt buys most of his prints), authority on Currier and Ives and the country's largest dealer in the prints, refutes the popular impression that there are many fake reprints:

"People confuse the practically valueless originals with imitations. Aside from illustrations for books and about thirty subjects that were copied for cheap commercial sale, there has been no reprinting."

Tho these cheap reprints carry exactly the same inscriptions, signatures, dates and addresses as the originals, it is simple for even an amateur to spot them, Newman says. "They are printed from a half-tone plate which shows a series of regular dots making up the design, and are easily distinguishable from the original, hand-painted Currier and Ives."

DRUMMER BOYS: Salesmen Unlike Contented Cows; That's Why They're Fired, Writes Appel

"Clean collar! Clean shoes! Clean shave! Clean teeth! A winning smile! And . . . *one foot in the door!*"

Armed with this advice, American salesmen swarm to work. Some head for retail stores, others for jobbers' headquarters—while the lowliest beat a weary path to the hostile housewife's door. To the drummers it's a pretty stiff grind: It ruins their stomachs, dispositions and faith in mankind. "But don't think it's any easier on us," protests Sales Manager H. M. Appel of the Allen-A Company. "We're responsible for the boys while they're on the road. And that's no cinch."

Art—To reduce wear and tear on manager and grip-hustler alike, Appel has packed the experience of long years of bad food and overwork into a small, hard hitting handbook ("Why Salesmen Get Fired": Hillman Curl; $1; 93 pp.). When salesmen find themselves pounding the pavement looking for a job instead of a customer, they have no one to blame but themselves, says the hard-boiled sales-manager. Why do salesmen get fired? It's really an art, and here's how they do it:

They pad expense accounts. Most firms don't mind paying a traveler's cigarette and liquor bills, but when they find a "special dinner for *Wahoo* buyers" is actually a new tweed topcoat, they draw the line, and the *Beau Brummell* draws his last salary check. For a salesman's purpose, honesty is more profitable than dishonesty.

Others fired in rapid order are the lobby athletes who sit around and moan: "It's too hot to work. It's too dry. I've got a backache. I'm feeling groggy. Business is dull. As a matter of fact—business just ain't." For them, Author Appel recommends plain food and not too much of it, enough sleep, ungarnished by any midnight worrying, and some exercise—even if it's only opening the hotel window for a lungful of air.

Square Pegs—Then there are the square pegs worming themselves into round holes, confident that salesmen do nothing but ride around in high-powered cars, drink good liquor and kid the lady buyers. Take the case of Carl Hansen: He was a farm boy who went to the State University for a four-year business course, then became a salesman. He took three years of his own time, and cost his employers about $5,000 before he realized he wasn't a salesman. Then every one agreed he ought to be running a chicken farm.

There was Allen Dale, who played a swell *ukulele* and made up clever gags. All the underwear buyers he approached liked his stories and his *ukulele*, but they didn't buy the underwear. Finally he woke up, pulled out, and became a radio gag man.

Rut—Any one who's a born salesman scoffs at such amateur objections. But there are special problems for dyed-in-the-wool drummers. It's a pretty rare salesman who isn't in a first-class mental rut. Sloppy English is just as common as falling socks. Most drummers read the papers for the murders instead of the stock pages. They don't know the line they're selling well enough. Many a one has formed the habit of jotting orders down on little scraps of paper and stuffing them in his pockets. Then follow long hours after work unraveling the notes. Orders are wrong, customers complain, the house is in bad—nobody is satisfied.

From long years of trying to satisfy customers, numerous drummers have developed the habit of promising a buyer anything he wants. So calloused do salesmen become to supervalues and supersales that mere merchandise without frills seems tame. Everything becomes a big

HOW TO DRINK ON THE JOB

1. No drinking during business hours unless it is with your customer. Then, better not go back to office or store.
2. *Never* drink with a woman buyer unless some man from her organization is along.
3. Always stay enough drinks behind the customer to see him safely home.
4. Never complete a business transaction while the customer is tight. Close before reaching that point or put it off till he is sober.
5. When feeling high, don't try to outdo your customer in the art of being a jackass. Let him take first prize.

P. S. When attending sales conferences with your own crowd, substitute in the above rules the word "Boss" for that of "Customer."

(From "Why Salesmen Get Fired," by H. M. Appel)

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Have you been through a strenuous winter? Have you worked hard, been indoors too much, had too little exercise, fresh air, and sunshine?

Then the chances are, you've probably been drawing pretty heavily upon your reserve forces. You may find yourself now with *low general resistance.*

There's one thing you must guard against if this is so—*common, winter discomforts!* They're at a peak right now. It's the time of year they are most likely to affect you and are hardest to get over.

So if you want help to stay well the next few weeks, plan a definite program of resistance-building. Start with *Adex!*

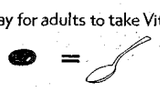
Adex will help build up your reserve of Vitamin A, the factor which is a definite aid toward good general resistance. Adex also supplies extra Vitamin D with its special "sunshine" benefits. Both vitamins come from *natural* sources like good cod and halibut liver oil.

Try Adex this winter for *comfort's* sake. Get it today! A package on the breakfast table every morning will remind you to take it regularly. And that's what counts—keeping up with it *every single day.*

Now in pleasant tablets or small gelatine capsules at any reliable drug store. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

event. As a result of this continual cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" buyers cease to listen; "repeat" orders dwindle. Salesmen and boss wonder what's wrong. Usually the boss decides it's the salesman, and fires him.

Woman Trouble—But most frequent cause for drummer dismissal is woman trouble. Fondness for the ladies has made salesmen the butt of he-man jokes for generations. Out of sheer boredom, many a salesman had tried living a double life—and almost always, says the experienced Appel, it's a flop. Even marriage is apt to be unsuccessful for any salesman who is less than a genius at remembering the wife back home. No woman wants to be cooped up in an apartment, shorn of every male attention. "Watch the little things," cautions Appel. "Concentrate on the detailed moves of making your wife happy as thoroughly as you do on a selling plan."

For the salesman who is foot-loose and fancy-free there are further warnings: "If you can't be good, for heaven's sake be discreet. Never offer a woman a drink unless she suggests it. Flatter the Business Ladies—kid but never kiss. Avoid crowds and parties. The Lair of the Lone Wolf is safest."

Additional Appel comments: "If your stomach doesn't tick, your mind won't click. A sour heart breeds a sour puss. Contented cows give the best canned milk but contented salesmen are given the can."

THUMBING THE BOOKS

Byron à la Russe—"Pushkin." — By Ernest J. Simmons. (Harvard University Press; $4.) Just one century ago this month, Russia's great poet died on the field of honor at the age of thirty-eight. Pushkin loved many women, captured much of the folk spirit of Russia in his writings and was killed when another man courted his handsome wife. For the first time, a really complete and competent life is available in English.

Century — "The Hundred Years." — By Philip Guedalla. (Doubleday, Doran; $3.) A glittering and very readable account of the last hundred years, sufficiently diverting to have occupied Mrs. Simpson during the former King Edward's abdication throes. Starts with the quiet dawn that found Victoria Queen of England and skips gaily down the years to the present.

Two Hearts — "Beloved Friend." — By Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck. (Random House; $3.) Composer Tchaikovsky was a poverty-pinched musician when Rubinstein suggested to the wealthy widow von Meck that she might interest herself in the unknown. She did, but never spoke to him during the long years of their acquaintance. They wrote intimate, passionate letters and nodded formally when they met about once every four years. Then their friendship ended suddenly. Random House offers a grand piano to the reader who can best explain the strange friendship.

Germany—"Mein Kampf."—By Adolph Hitler. (Houghton Mifflin; $2.50.) For all Americans who have never studied the required reading of Germany, this is an excellent opportunity to catch up. A slightly abbreviated text tells the complete story of Hitler's aims as he saw them from a prison window.

Muddler—"Lords and Masters."—By A. G. Macdonell. (Macmillan; $2.50.) Central figure of this novel is a steel king who

THE BOSS' FACE NEVER SMARTS AFTER SHAVING SINCE BETTY SUGGESTED USING THE BLADE THAT MATCHES HIS RAZOR
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE RAZOR
GILLETTE BLADE

Enjoy the Thrill of Teamwork Shaving

— use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor

HERE'S good news for men who "hate to shave". No matter how tender your skin is, shaving can be every bit as pleasant as you've always wished it to be!

Just do this: use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. That's the whole secret of luxurious shaving comfort. Why? Because the Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade *are especially made for each other.*

Matched Razor and Blade

The same engineers designed both; the same great factory produces them. Indeed, every step in their manufacture, including grinding, honing and stropping, is directed to making the two work perfectly together.

With the care and precision usually employed only in great scientific laboratories, Gillette Blades are fashioned from the world's finest steel. They are tempered to such hardness that they can actually cut glass. Huge sharpening machines grind, hone and strop the edges so keen that they are *invisible* to the human eye—they can be measured only by a beam of light.

Feel the Difference!

Why put up with shaving discomfort? If you have strayed away from using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor, buy a package today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor and enjoy the shaving comfort that is only possible when blade and razor match.

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program — CBS Network — Coast to Coast — Sunday nights — 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

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has been blessed with enough children to see all the muddled philosophies of to-day espoused by his family. Witty and cynical.

Shakespeare—"The Avon Flows."—By George Jean Nathan. (Random House; $2.) The well-known critic has taken paste-pot, scissors and a copy of Shakespeare. By clipping parts of "Romeo and Juliet," "Taming of the Shrew" and "Othello," he constructs a play that might have been written if *Romeo* and *Juliet* had lived. Interesting pastime for a dull winter evening, but hardly what the thousands of people sharpening axes to hack up Nathan were waiting for.

Musicians—"Composers of Yesterday."—Compiled and Edited by David Ewen. (H. W. Wilson Company; $4.50.) Average music lovers will find this complete, easy-to-get-at book a great help in uncovering the details of musicians' lives. Nicely written and conveniently indexed.

Odd Jobs

INGENIOUS WOMEN:

Conquest of Man's World Includes Steeplejack, G Women

This may be a man's world, but a woman can get on in it if she has her wits about her. Teaching starfish to turn somersaults, professional trunk packing and diagnosing spots on garments sent to the cleaners are a few of the odd jobs by which women to-day are making a creditable living.

In a series of articles last week, the New York *World-Telegram* featured six women "Stars of the Pay-Roll," among them Bertha Brainard, program manager of NBC; Blanche Green, corset magnate; and Mrs. Charles B. Knox, the gelatin queen. But starring to an even greater degree in the ingenuity of job finding are countless women who have discovered that the world is full of unusual opportunities to obtain a livelihood.

Raising spiders and renting them to movie companies offers one Hollywood woman a living. When a script calls for an old cellar, a haunted house, she sends over her spiders, who go to work on dusty bottles and book-shelves.

Prescribing for sick fish is the occupation of a Miss Ida Mellen, recognized as the only feminine authority on fish ailments in America. Looking a mackerel in the eye, Miss Mellen can say: "You have a bad stomach, a cold in your head, and you're nervous as a witch. It's a dose of cod-liver oil for you and a bath in warm salt water."

Aside from her medical work, Miss Mellen is working on the first all-fish encyclopedia, "The Mellen Encyclopedia of Fishes," also spends considerable time settling arguments as to whether or not eating fish makes one smart. "Fish supplies phosphorus to the brain cells but does not affect gray matter," she says. Nor are fish themselves smart. Once she got together a group of prize starfish and taught them to turn somersaults by using certain of their arms. Ten times a day for eighteen days, they repeated their maneuver. But after a week's rest, they had forgotten all they knew about tumbling.

With a flair for a he-man occupation and an indifference for what people will say, Ida May Stull of St. Clairsville, Ohio, turned to coal-mining. Even so, she'd find her match in twenty-two-year-old Helen Fortney. At least, Miss Fortney, a professional bodyguard, can punch, wrestle and shoot as well as any man. (The inspiration for her present occupation was her twelve-year-old experience with an eighteen-year-old boy who was foolhardy enough to pull her hair. She knocked him cold!)

Cops—Women are rapidly fitting into all kinds of masculine jobs. Florence Newton and Mae Ottey, in their early twenties, are decorative and efficient life-guards in Philadelphia. Mrs. Ada Jones, of Freemont, Texas, makes her living running a fleet of buses and a filling station.

Not only in America, but all over the world women are taking on the hard assignments. Scotland Yard has started a new recruiting drive to add seventy women cops to the Metropolitan Police. Miss Dorothy Peto is the tall Eton-cropped Superintendent of Women Police and is watching the progress of women "coppers" in Paris, Warsaw and Holland. She approves J. Edgar Hoover's belief in the future of G women in the United States.

At home at sea are Russian ship's officers. A burly male mate said to an American reporter: "Sure, we got women officers. They're no different from the rest of the crew. They are common around Russian ports. We even got women captains."

Watching the sea from Lloyd Harbor Village, Long Island, Agnes Harrigan, lighthouse keeper, polishes the big eye which guides liners from Europe. Under the sea, Mrs. Helen Damrosch Tee-Van, niece of the famous Conductor Damrosch, finds the subjects she prefers to paint. On excursions with Dr. William Beebe, she paints submarine flora and fauna for scientific record. She feels so at home down below that once she dropped a pencil and reached down for it, only to find it falling up. She had to return to the surface for another.

Miss Tee-Van has sailed the Sargossa, written and illustrated a book about South America, and many of her deep-sea designs are on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Research—Exploring and working in the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Service occupies the time of Gloria Hollister, who has proved that beauty is more than skin-deep. With chemicals and dyes, she makes the skin and flesh of a fish so transparent that every bone may be seen in a beautiful scarlet skeleton. For one birthday present, she asked for and got a ride down 410 feet under water in Doctor Beebe's bathysphere.

Personality, politeness and patience are the attributes Joan E. Wing puts into her job of "Doctor of Politeness." She started the vogue for politeness for telephone operators and sales people. "Good morning, *Mr. Smith*. It's eight o'clock, and you'll want your rubbers to-day. It's raining," is the brain child of Miss Wing, helping a hotel guest make that important appointment. "It's wonderful," Miss Wing says, "the results you get from being pleasant."

Jockey—Mary Hirsh, however, prefers the life of a jockey, and likes to train horses. Her abilities won her jobs with stables of Bernard Baruch and Cary T. Grayson.

Factory management attracted the Reece sisters of Columbus, Nebraska. Running a wooden sole shoe factory, they turn out 40,000 pairs a year. Traffic signals carved out of potatoes lured Mrs. Vetabelle Phillips-Carter out of Denishawn dancing into traffic-control problems. After sketching and completing her models of other materials, she eats the originals. "It's most economical!" she explains.

Nebraska also claims two first-rank women pharmacists, Mildred Luebben of Beatrice and Edith William of Lincoln. New York City has a Mrs. C. Reimer, who carries on a thriving business as a locksmith, and Miss Miriam Cooper, statistician of gravy spots.

Last year, 200 cleaning firms in New York removed 4,785,000 gravy spots from customers' wearing apparel. Miss Cooper knows because she counted them, 3,230,000 from men's suits and 890,000 from

Acme

Mary Hirsh tackles a man's job . . . proves herself an able jockey

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their vests. (She gives the lie to the song that the "coat and pants do all the work, but the vest gets all the gravy).

People seldom remember what made the spot, Miss Cooper observes, and offers a tip that would save thousands of squawks a year. "If a person spills soup on his suit at dinner, he should write soup on a small piece of paper and pin it over the spot as soon as he returns home Different spots require different chemicals for removal, and the longer the spot remains untouched, the more difficult the diagnosis. It's better not to wait until the suit lists a complete menu."

Air-Hostess—Helen Stansbury, Director of the Women's Traffic Division, United Air Lines, has made America air-hostess conscious. And Mrs. Dola M. Tufford of Denver, Colorado, has patched up 1,700 rodeo cowboys, tho she has never seen a show.

There are women professionals in almost every field of sport. But Anne Crawford Allen, State Forest Fire Warden, Kent County, Rhode Island, believes she is the only woman fire-fighter. She is working on a national campaign to make fire-fighting a recognized occupation for women, flies her own plane.

Women are becoming better known in science and surgery, but so far, Cherie May of Los Angeles has had little feminine competition in her trade of steeplejack. Millicent Eagan of Walla Walla, Washington, has built up a name as the "Lady Houdini." Even a well-nailed packing case couldn't hold her.

Outdistance Men—The last census (1930) showed that out of 60,000,000 women in the United States more than 10,000,000 were gainfully employed. Three million were heads of families; twice as many women as men work in cigar, tobacco and candy factories; three times as many in the clothing industries, fruit, vegetable and other canning factories. In domestic service, 3,000,000 women labor; in trade, 2,000,000; in professional occupations, over 1,500,000.

Forestry and fishing occupy 3,000 women; there are 10,000 of them in the mineral extracting business. In fact, in 500 occupations recognized by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Documents in Washington, there are fewer than thirty to which no woman has laid claim.

While there are women taxi drivers galore, there are as yet no foot-women or coach-women. There are street-car conductors but no locomotive engineers. And so far, according to the Washington Department of Documents, men still have an exclusive field in lumberjacking, boilermaking, wheelwrighting, brass-molding and cement-finishing.

Religion

LENT: Millions Change Habits for Annual Forty-day Fast and Devotional

The figure forty recurs throughout the Bible.

For forty days, flood waters covered the earth. Forty years, the Israelites wandered the desert. Moses, Elijah and Christ each fasted forty days alone in the wilderness, seeking spiritual communion with God.

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Millions of penitent brows are marked . . . forty days of Lenten fasting ensue

Early Christians zealously abstained from food during the forty hours from Good Friday afternoon to Easter morning, the time Christ's crucified body lay in the white tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. Attaching symbolic importance to forty, the Council of Nicæa (called by Emperor Constantine I in 325 at Nicæa, in Bithynia) set aside the forty days before the Easter Feast for the absolution of penitents, preparation for baptism, individual retreat and recollection.

This was the origin of Lent, now Christianity's longest, most solemn cycle of fasting and devotion.

Vigil Begins—Last week, on Ash Wednesday (February 10), the Christian world once again began its forty days and nights of spiritual vigil, to end on Easter, March 28. Most impressive ceremonies were in purple-draped Catholic churches, where priests marked the brows of 350,000,000 penitents, 20,000,000 of them Americans, with the sanctified ashes of last year's palms.

Of the nation's Protestants, 4,500,000 Lutherans and 1,500,000 Episcopalians performed ecclesiastically-prescribed devotions, and millions of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and members of other less formal sects paid special Ash Wednesday visits to church.

Tho its rules of self-denial have been greatly modified* since the middle ages, when milk, butter, eggs and cheese as well as flesh were forbidden both on Sundays and week-days during the penitential season, Lent yearly restrains the nation's daily life for forty days—in business, society and the home.

Sea food sales usually increase about 33 per cent. during Lent, prices generally rise, and from 50 to 75 per cent. of the peak cold storage stock of fish will be sold in butcher shops down South and in the Midwest, as well as on both seacoasts.

Fish Campaign—Why, when the majority of America's millions are non-Catholic? It's simple, according to some experts. The nation, during Lent, is "fish-conscious," a state of mind built up mainly in the last decade by clever national "eat fish for Lent" campaigns conducted by the industry.

A Protestant housewife goes shopping for supper. Willing to be persuaded, she asks her butcher to suggest a good meat.

"Well, there's a lot of mighty good fish on the market, now," he says.

Does she take his hint? Of course she does, and so do millions of her sister housewives. Butchers in heavily populated Catholic communities, who twenty years ago felt they might as well close up shop during Lent, now make up for meat losses on bigger sea food sales. Improved preservation and transportation methods have helped. Rumbling refrigerator-trucks and railroad-cars this season will distribute 55,000,000 pounds of fish from Boston and Gloucester, Massachusetts, fisheries alone. Haddock, as usual, is a favorite, followed by cod and mackerel.

Fasting rules also change hotel menus. "Lenten specials"—sea food, vegetable and fruit plates — almost crowd the meat dishes off the bill of fare. And this is all to the good for the hotel and restaurant men, because their profit is greater on sea food.

Yet, strangely enough, the meat industry reports a very small decrease in sales. People eat more cheese, butter, milk and eggs, sometimes used as meat substitutes, during Lent, but that may be due just to the approach of spring.

Hot Cross Buns—In thousands of bakery windows last week suddenly appeared window cards, announcing arrival of hot cross buns, their biggest single Lenten specialty. No longer "one a penny, two a penny," hot cross buns now bring the bakers a pretty penny in profit, are sold from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday where they formerly appeared only on Good Friday. Large department stores

*Note: The Pope has granted dispensation from rules of abstinence (no meat except fish) to: American working men and their families except on Fridays, the forenoon of Holy Saturday and Christmas Eve; all children under seven, the sick or enfeebled whom such observance would injure. Exempted from fasting (one full meal, with meat, only once a day, after noon; small amounts of food at other two meals) are: those under twenty-one and over fifty-nine years of age; the sick, convalescents, those whose work is exhausting, pregnant women.

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increase the lure of Easter shopping with special Lenten organ recitals.

Mortification, the Catholic theme of Lent, and self-discipline or denial as a spiritual exercise practised by Episcopalians and Lutherans, too, have assumed some amusingly non-religious applications.

Hordes of girls and women who seldom attend church except on Easter and Mothers' day solemnly decide each year to "give up something for Lent." It's the thing to do. The church says to give up what you like best. They comply, usually, by abstaining from rich desserts, candy, bread or other fattening foods. Lent to them is a time to get in shape for Easter.

Frugal eating also improves their complexions for spring finery.

However, neither bakers, candy manufacturers nor soda fountains notice any lost business from these sacrifices. In fact, the two latter are entering one of their best seasons, the first because of Easter confections, the second because of warmer weather.

Cigarettes and liquor are another oft-touted sacrifice for the Lenten season, but neither are these denials reflected in the industries' books.

Society—Lent, however, does bring a very real social moratorium to religious and non-religious groups alike. Fewer big benefits are held, fewer dinner-dances, fewer weddings until Easter, which is a big marriage day for Catholics. Reservations for hotel dining and ballrooms fade away; attendance at dinner and supper-dancing spots slackens. The Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, stops dancing in its formal Sert Room during Lent, adds supper dancing to the less formal Empire Room.

Millions of otherwise gay persons would never dream of going to the movies or the theater.

There is a very real undercurrent of solemnity and impending joy that pulses through the nation's life during Lent. Shrouded images, purple vestments, silent organs in Catholic churches, absence of flowers in most, contribute. Union noon-day services, even tho at times sparsely attended, remind down-town business workers of the season. Children's after-school communion-preparation classes, remind parents of the occasion. The religious intensity of Holy Week—Palm Sunday, the Last Supper on Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, when Christ lay in the tomb; Easter, the most joyous feast of the Christian year—proving to the faithful that Christ lives, that men will live after death.

Press

MODERN MAGS: News-Stands Bulge With New Publications; Formulas Revamped

Formula: *Swanky type plus striking pictures plus beautiful paper plus modern layouts equals a stream-lined magazine.*

And functional design (or stream-lining or face-lifting or jazzing up) has been made a byword of 1937 editing, with *McCall's*, the new *Scribner's*, the revamped *American Mercury*, the forthcoming *Bachelor*, and the two-score pocket-size

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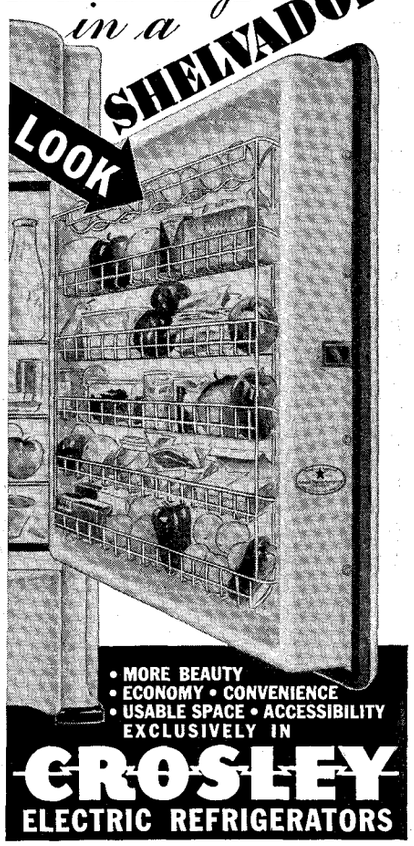

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digests whistling at readers: "I'm new! I'm different."

Latest to spread a designer's drawing-board ideas before subscribers, *McCall's* for March arrived last week with a still fresher make-up. Back in 1932, of course, youthful Editor Otis L. Wiese (then only twenty-six) and industrial designer Henry Dreyfuss had struck out with a "three-covered" magazine—divided into fiction, home-making, and style and beauty sections.

New Layout—The new *McCall's* adds the horizontal technique: A double-page spread of short articles, each with a heading and photos going clear across two pages. Editor Wiese decided that readers' eyes went from left to right, not from top to bottom.

Only slightly belated, his sprightly women's magazine (circulation 2,600,000) presents also a full page "bled" (no margin) color sketch of the woman for whom a King abdicated, a word-picture of her by Newbold Noyes, and a note of authorization atop signed boldly in a three-inch enlarged scrawl: *Wallis Simpson.* Noyes and Wiese had rushed headlong to London just before the British press awoke, got the permission from Wally (second cousin by marriage of Noyes) and rushed back with the story, a scoop.

Other *McCall* innovations: A short editorial by Raymond Clapper, illustrated by a close-up of its subject, President Roosevelt; more non-fiction than heretofore; a "choose-your-own-subject" page by Alexander Woolcott; a "women-in-the-news" cover of Anne Lindbergh, to be followed by Katharine Cornell, Amelia Earhart and Dorothy Thompson.

Revitalized—Last summer a half-century-old magazine was in the dumps. *Scribner's* circulation was down to 40,000 when its publishers called in a "magazine doctor," thirty-two-year-old Harlan Logan, President of New York University's Experimental College. Logan already had advised *Liberty*, the old humorous *Life*, and the Condé Nast publications. He knew there were two parts to a publishing equation: editorial appeal and eye appeal. He called in Thomas Maitland Cleland (designer of *Fortune*) to dress up the historic literary magazine.

Cleland worked up a gold cover (every other month, one of his water-colors sparkles thereon), heavy coated paper, Baskerville (11-point) body type, Bulmer type for titles, photographs to illustrate even fiction, a double-page spread presenting an American artist each month.

Circulation Up—When the October issue hit the stands, Logan wouldn't have been surprized if subscribers had howled a chorus of protest. Instead they bought 30,000 more copies. By January, newsstand sales had risen 1,060 per cent., the print order was 160,000 copies. And as *Scribner's* readers have come flocking in, advertising has gone up 250 per cent.

Readers had a chance to revel in *Scribner's* art, when the Fiftieth Anniversary Issue last month spread a small-size history of America, including Charles Dana Gibson, Rockwell Kent, Harrison Fisher and James Montgomery Flagg.

With no glorious background but a lot of ideas, *Bachelor* prepared this week to invade the *Esquire* field. The Editor and Publisher of the new male magazine is Franchon Devoe, from Circleville, Ohio.

Gay on his red and brown cover with modernistic lettering, the first *Bachelor* displays a color portrait of a knight of old (Editor Devoe forgets his name, but he was a famous bachelor until he got married and had eight children). Inside there are articles of "subtle humor," professedly unbawdy, such as "You Have Taken the Best Years of My Wife." Also contemplated is an article on "Ways of Seducing the Modern Woman." But *Bachelor* will print only Art: Horses, photographs and Gypsy Rose Lee.

The newest men's magazine so far has been edited in a hotel bedroom (Manhattan's Savoy Plaza), as its office has only one chair, and that broken. Writers, artists and editors pour in and out.

Among them: Lucius Beebe (himself a bachelor), Ernest Boyd (writes on barbers), Dr. Louis Bisch, Robert Ripley, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Managing Editor is Henry Adams (for twenty-five years Editor of *Spur*).

The idea of a woman running a magazine for bachelors puzzles even Miss Devoe (she's also Mrs. Criswell, wife of her business manager). She was ill for a few weeks, found nothing she liked to read, decided bachelors needed a "trade journal" of their own, so to speak. Next week, her first issue will be out, price 35 cents, with 50,000 copies printed by Cuneo Press in Philadelphia.

Competition—Just for a little competition, Popular Magazines, Inc., is bringing out *For Men* (and Men Only). Editor Ralph Daigh has assembled in pocket size, with a pictureless red cover, articles and stories such as "Stripping the Gypsy Rose" and "Please God, Save the King." Price: 25 cents.

Pocket sizing helped boom another famous magazine's circulation last October, when the *American Mercury*, feeling rather moribund, came into *Reader's Digest* size, after a bit of experimenting. Editor Paul Palmer, husky ex-Marine, is trying to limit manuscripts to 2,500 words.

All told, at least forty pocket-size magazines are clamoring at the news-stands of America. *Reader's Digest* showed the way with 1,800,000 circulation. Now the range covers such dissimilar titles as: *Health Digest, World Christianity, Sexology, Books in Brief, Military and Naval Digest* and even a *Digest Year Book.*

Social Science

JUNIOR MARCHES:
Nation's Youth Converge on Washington to Plead Cause

To its Coxey's Army, woman's suffrage marches, Bonus Expeditionary Force and Townsend Caravan, Washington this week prepared to add another bizarre processional. By auto-trailer, train, bus, bicycle and foot, there converged upon it in broken ranks 4,000 boys and girls between fifteen and twenty-five: students from California, young farmers from Indiana, groups of Arkansas share-croppers, Chicago newsboys, Georgia tenant farm-hands, Indians from a North Dakota reservation.

Members of the American Youth Congress, they were bringing with them 1,000,000 signatures to a petition for passage of the $5,000,000 so-called American Youth Act now before the Senate and House of Representatives. This

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measure would set up a new administration to supersede the present National Youth Administration, create a program of combined employment, security and guidance to aid the nation's 5,000,000 jobless youngsters and save annually from penitentiary and reformatory 50,000 minors.

Youth Movement—Bemoaning the fact that American youth was altogether "too smug, complacent and self-satisfied," Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace in December, 1933, lamented that there never had been a youth movment worthy of the name in the United States. Italy had its *Ballila* and *Avanguardista,* Soviet Russia had its *Comsomol,* Germany was on the eve of its Hitler Youth. All the U.S. could boast were scattered groups like the Boy Scouts, National Probation Association neighborhood councils, the Walther League, the Boys' Clubs of America, Y.M.C.A., or small city centers.

Among the thousands of Americans who read this, were roundly shaken by the truth of it, was Miss Viola Ilma of New York. Back from a study of youth abroad, she promptly conceived the idea of uniting the disconnected groups here, called leaders of them to an organization congress in Detroit in August, 1934.

Out of it was born the American Youth Congress, which to-day counts a combined membership of 1,650,000 boys and girls in 1,007 organizations in twenty-nine States. Theme of its program is: "The declaration of Rights of American Youth."

Meanwhile, to the Civilian Conservation Corps (established in April, 1933) the United States Government added its youth rehabilitation program the National Youth Administration (established in June, 1935). William W. Hinckley, young Florida psychology teacher and National Chairman of the American Youth Congress, was not satisfied. In its first year, the NYA had spent only $71,000,000, cared for only 500,000 persons. He saw this as only a drop in the bucket of youth needs, quickly drew up, with associate youth leaders, a program calling for a bigger government agency, with a first-year budget of $500,000,000. He called it the "Homestead Act of 1936-'37," in that it would give, like the 1862 legislation, a new generation an opportunity to be served.

Program—Under the program, scholarships would go to needy young people in high schools, secondary schools and professional or technical schools of universities; vocational and apprentice training would be provided for those without any trade skill; vast public works would be started employing young people at a minimum of 50 cents an hour and $15 a week.

Last month, as this program went before Congress in the form of the so-called American Youth Act, American Youth Congress leaders made a final spurt for signatures to their petition, lined up the great disjointed caravan which would take them to Washington. A fortnight ago, some of the Far Western units got under way. California's delegation rattled off in an auto-trailer rigged to resemble a covered wagon. On its sides were placards emblazoned: "Go East, Young Man!" It was representative of many a group: A high school student from Los Angeles, a San Francisco farm boy, a jobless Los Angeles fur worker, a University of California (Berkeley) student, a Los Angeles Catholic stenographer.

Wide World

A caravan to the nation's Capital with a demand for the "Rights of American Youth"

Swinging up through Arizona, Texas and Oklahoma, they will cross through the flood-stricken region, hitch their rickety trailer to a mule on the outskirts of Washington. Boston is sending fifty paraders; Chicago another fifty; New York, headquarters of the Youth Congress, 1,500. Caravaners range from members of the National Council of Methodist Youth to the Young People's Socialist League.

Thorough—As disconnected as it seems, the expedition as a whole has been organized with a quartermaster general's sense of thoroughness. Most of the boys and girls will be quartered in hotels and boarding-houses at from 75 cents to $1 a night. Four days will be spent in the Capital—from February 19 to 22. Red-letter event of the stay will be an address to the combined pilgrims by President Roosevelt on the morning of February 20. The youths will march down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, lining up in front of the south portico. There the gigantic petition is to be presented to the President.

Suspicious of all newer youth movements, Walter A. Jessup, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, a fortnight ago warned: "In all too many instances it is apparent that these newer youth movements are really organized by adults who know what they want and to whom youth is a reservoir of advocates readily influenced.

Warning—"Shifts in social, economic or political outlook are quickly reflected in the program set up in his behalf. Witness the youth movements under Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, not to mention our own National Youth Administration in America.

"Altho we look with horror at the child crusades of the middle ages, may not some future historian challenge some of the current youth activities? Just now we hear much about youth as a factor in bringing about a new order in society.

"So much is said about youth to-day and so much emphasis is laid upon it that it might seem that preceding generations had overlooked youth. Faced with all this tumult, we shall do well to remember that youth has always been easy prey to organized exploitation."

Off-Side

Payment—Miss Bonnie E. Hunton of Boston has been ordered to pay $1 a month for 3,118 years to the Cambridge Trust Company. In 1931, she borrowed $37,415 from the bank. Municipal Judge John R. Brackett believes a little payment is better than none.

* * *

Barber—Arrested for carrying on business on Sunday, Joseph Gabriel, New York barber, said his customer was going to get married and "he was too nervous to shave himself." The judge looked up the ordinance, replied: "If getting a shave before you get married isn't a necessity, I don't know what is. Sentence suspended."

* * *

Tea—After partaking of tea and cakes at an "at home" of Mrs. G. Farquharson, Mayoress of Wimbledon, hundreds of women donned gas-masks. Their motive was to interest English women in air defense. The government cooperated by lending respirators and a lecturer.

* * *

Pies—Charles S. Dana, Town Clerk of New Haven, Vermont, has eaten pie at least once a day since he was a boy. At seventy-four, he can name more than 100 varieties he has relished. Sometimes he has pie at breakfast, sometimes at dinner, sometimes at supper. And then, if he feels like it, he has a slice in between.

* * *

Book—A book, 14,600 days overdue, was returned to the Syracuse, New York, library. This breaks the record of thirty-seven years for a book which disappeared from the Public Library in Washington and then reappeared, or the 860 days "Anthony Adverse" was kept overtime at Bayonne, New Jersey.

* * *

Spectacles—Cantankerous leghorn hens at Conneaut, Ohio, now keep the peace because they are compelled to wear opaque glasses. The hens can see under the "specs" to eat but can't see around them to fight their roost partners.

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Sports

OHE'S VAULT TOPS TWO U. S. CHAMPS

Young Japanese University Star Triumphs at Millrose Show

Mainly because smaller, board tracks require him to make more and sharper turns with consequent shortening of stride, partly because breathing is harder, an athlete can not run as fast indoors as he can outdoors.

But, because indoor competition puts the gallery in greater intimacy with the proceedings, adding glamour even to slow races, the winter sport commands a noisier, more partizan clientele than its open-air brother.

The annual peak month in indoor track excitement is February. The first and loudest of the 1937 major events was the thirtieth annual Millrose Games, which two weeks ago jammed New York City's Madison Square Garden to its guards with a roaring, capacity house of 17,000.

Boston Meet—Last week, most of the athletes and a considerable slice of the gallery junketed to Massachusetts for the Boston Athletic Association meet to keep muscles and larynges well-oiled for two more New York City track and field *fiestas:* the New York Athletic Club's conclave this Saturday night, and the National A.A.U. Championships on February 27.

For the past few years, the biggest drawing card of the indoor meets has been the mile run, most important of which, the Wanamaker in the Millrose Games, was won again this year by Kansas Glenn Cunningham, holder of the world record on boards (4 minutes, 8.4 seconds) and on cinders (4 minutes, 6.7 seconds).

But this season the much-heralded, still wildly popular mile duels probably will have to yield half the spotlight to another spectacular event: the pole vault. The reason: a lithe, smiling Japanese college boy who twists over the bar with the mellifluous grace that distinguishes his name, Sueo Ohe (Soo-ay-oh Oh-ay).

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Sueo Ohe: One inch short of a world's record

Near Record—While spectators were still breathless from Cunningham's blazing finish in the Wanamaker Mile, Ohe pounded down the Garden's board runway with high, choppy steps, pulled his 132 pounds into the air, and slithered easily over the bar set at 14 feet 3 inches, only 1 inch short of the world's indoor record established by Keith Brown.

To win the Millrose pole vault, Ohe had to beat the two men recognized as the world's greatest: Earle Meadows, University of Southern California senior, who won the Olympic Games championship last August, and George Varoff, University of Oregon student and holder of the official outdoor record (14 feet, 6½ inches).

By beating both men, Meadows by 3 inches, Varoff and Bill Harding, of Yale, by 6, the Nipponese became the first foreigner to defeat American experts in ten years. Sports writers unanimously awarded him the Rodman Wanamaker International Trophy as the meet's outstanding performer.

Characteristic—Ohe's amazing triumph in the first indoor meet in which he ever participated, is characteristic of Japan's recent sensational development in track and field sports. Unheard of in international athletic activities until 1912, when two athletes appeared in the Olympic Games in Stockholm, Japan finished fifth in the unofficial scoring of last year's Olympiad, was outpointed in track and field only by the United States, Germany and Finland.

Through the activities of the Nippon Rikujokyogi Renmei, which corresponds to the Amateur Athletic Union in this country, Japanese school and college students have modern facilities for sport, no longer run their hurdle races over benches as they did in 1875, when an Englishman, Frederick William Strange, began systematizing their track and field games.

Studies Pictures—Ohe, who is twenty-two by Western, twenty-four by Japanese methods of calculating age, has been practising pole-vaulting since primary school days. Most of the technique he picked up from studying books and pictures, and watching foreign experts.

While he was still in high school, he vaulted 12 feet, 6 inches. Since then he has become a sophomore law student at Keio University.

Tall for a race whose height averages five feet three, Ohe tops that by five inches. He is slender but well-muscled. He was born in the Hiroshima Prefecture but lives now in Tokyo, where his father is a well-to-do physician.

Like all athletes in his specialty, Ohe treasures the poles he uses. Meadows uses aluminum poles indoors. Ohe prefers bamboo, mainly because the aluminum

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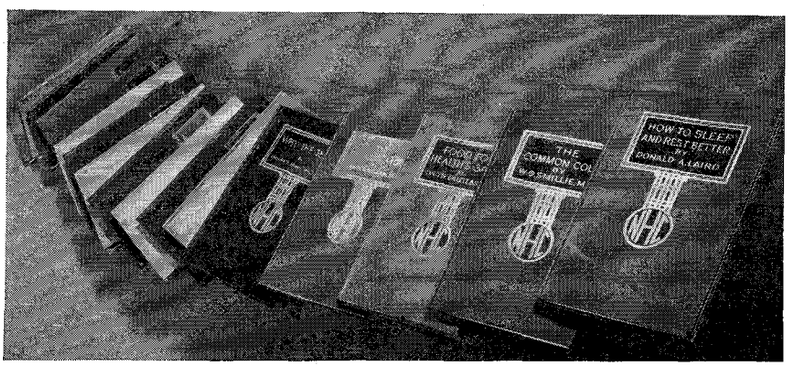

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ones are too big for his unusually small hands.

More than a year ago, Ohe spotted some strong, straight striplings in a *take yabu* (bamboo patch), cut them down, and seasoned them. He jumped with them in the Olympic try-outs last spring, and later in the Games, where Meadows beat him for the championship.

Broken Poles—Somewhere between San Francisco and New York, on the last leg of his 9,000-mile trip to compete against the American experts, the five poles he had packed so carefully were splintered beyond repair.

As he inspected each one, Ohe's bronzed face grew longer and longer with gloom. Finally, he shrugged his shoulders and grinned broadly.

He's been grinning most of the time he's been over here, and apparently isn't having too much difficulty getting used to American-seasoned poles.

Just Grins—Ohe speaks English fairly well, but American slang has him stopped. The English-Japanese dictionary he carries with him doesn't help much. When he can't think of the right answer, he just grins.

After he competes in the New York A.C. and the National A.A.U. meets, Ohe will stop off in Chicago to vault in the *Daily News* Games on March 6. He sails for home March 11. He may not grin so constantly on the way: As soon as he arrives in Tokyo he'll have to take the mid-year examinations the rest of his classmates took last week.

SQUASH RACKETS:
Game, Borrowed From England, Has Few Exponents in U. S.

No longer laboring under a stigma which, thirty years ago, relegated it in popular opinion to the "idle rich" classification, squash rackets to-day rates a respected standing as a legitimate, non-class sport, and an active American player roster of more than 15,000.

This week-end, fewer than forty of the top-notch amateurs in this country will compete on the courts of the Cleveland and the University Clubs, in Cleveland, Ohio, for the men's National Championships.

Still vastly inferior, numerically at least, to the British game from which American sportsmen borrowed it late in the last century, squash rackets in the United States recently has shown an upward surge of popularity which may rival the current English boom. Contrasted with America's 15,000, estimates place the British playing roll at more than 100,000, 90 per cent. of whom have taken up the game within the past five years.

College Influence—Similar to the early history of British squash rackets first played at the fashionable Harrow School, the development of the American game can be largely attributed to the collegiate influence. Most of the ranking players learned the game in college, and continued it after graduation as a convenient, highly-compressed form of exercise.

Played in a rectangular court 32 feet long, 18½ feet wide, and 16 feet high, squash rackets is one of the fastest of all games. The ball is small, of hollow black rubber, and extremely lively; the racket light and hard-strung. Half an hour against a tough opponent is the equivalent,

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experts say, of a two-hour work-out on the tennis court.

The American influence is mainly reflected in the game's speed. In England, emphasis is on clever placement of shots. American players, using a faster ball, lean toward a smashing game. The court is narrower than in England, too, which makes the pace faster.

Age Decrease—In both versions, the ball can be played off any wall, provided it hits the front wall before touching the floor. As in badminton, an English player can score only on his own serve. Nine points constitute a game. In the United States, points are scored on every fault regardless of who is serving, and a game is fifteen.

Along with the American development of squash racket's speed, there has been a corresponding decrease in the average age of its players. When the game first took hold over here, the average age was forty-nine. To-day, the average among Class A players is thirty-five.

Older players, who can't stand the gaff of fast racket competition, have clung somewhat to a strictly American court game: squash tennis. The most striking difference between the two is in the ball and the racket. Squash tennis players use a faster ball, a racket similar to that used in lawn tennis, and can score only on the server's ace. They don't have to chase around the court as madly as rackets players.

Ten Players—Not nearly so wide-spread as rackets, squash tennis probably has not more than 700 players in the entire country. Its National Association has only seventeen member clubs, all in the metropolitan area of New York, where Harry F. Wolf, champion since 1930, will defend his amateur title on March 9.

The most powerful collegiate influences on the rackets game are Harvard and Yale. Harvard has more than sixty courts, approximately 1,500 undergraduate players, and in Harry Cowles, one of the outstanding coaches in the country.

Yale whose twenty-eight courts in the new Payne Whitney Memorial Gymnasium attract almost as many student players, has for its coach Johnny Skillman, current professional champion. Not much older than most of the boys he coaches, Skillman has introduced his own style of play to the collegians, which involves playing nearly all shots on the volley or half-volley. Now and then he likes to spot one of his pupils fourteen points, and then beat him, 15 to 14.

Champion—The present National Amateur Champion, who will defend his title at Cleveland this week-end, is Germain G. Glidden, who defeated Andrew C. Ingraham, of Cleveland, last winter.

Glidden is a left-hander, is twenty-three, and has been playing squash rackets since he was fifteen. His father and four brothers are pretty good, too. He first played at Phillips Exeter Academy, then went on to Harvard, where Harry Cowles improved his game tremendously.

At Harvard, Glidden played tennis, gave expression to a dry, somewhat sardonic sense of humor in cartoons he did for *The Lampoon*. He was a senior when he won the National Squash Rackets Championship last winter. Currently, he is studying art in New York and playing squash under the banner of the Harvard Club. He's the third Harvard man to win the National title while still an undergraduate. (Others: W. Palmer Dixon, in 1925; Beekman H. Pool, in 1932.)

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GOLDEN PEN ENDS STRIKE AT FLINT

Stocks Up as Men Quit Sit-Down; Pay Boosts Follow

At 3:10 one bleak morning last week, two reporters poked their heads through the heavy felt matting hung before an open window in Fisher Body Plant No. 1 in Flint, Michigan, made their way to the "office" of the plant's strike chairman, Bud Simons, and tumbled him out of his couch of car seats and matting by reciting the unconfirmed terms of the strike agreement.

Simons groped for his shoes.

"That won't do for the men to hear," he grumbled. "That ain't what we're striking for. They'll never get them guys out of here with those terms."

In a sick-room in the Statler Hotel in Detroit, seventy miles away, John L. Lewis, who made those terms, slept heavily in blue, striped flannel pajamas. Within reach of his bed was a table full of medicine bottles. The burly, tawny-maned labor leader was down with the "flu."

Market Up—In Old Broad Street and Bartholomew Lane, London, brokers formed excited knots on the floor of the London Stock Exchange. New York, where clocks pointed to 6 A.M., still slept as the London trading pushed "transatlantics" forward precipitately. Up shot General Motors to the equivalent of $4 a share gain. Up shot United States Steel also to the equivalent of $5 a share gain.

In Wall Street at 10 A.M., tape-watchers waited breathlessly for a frenzied session along the bullish lines of 1928 and '29. For sixteen minutes they waited as buying orders piled up and delayed the tape. Then General Motors opened on 10,000 shares at 70, an overnight jump of 2½ points. During the morning trading, optimistic bidders pushed United States Steel to the highest level in six years. At noon, their enthusiasm waned.

United States Steel finished 4¼ points better than the previous day's closing. Shrewd observers, however, were quick to point out that this gain did not necessarily arise from the strike settlement. It arose, instead, they argued, from the conjecture of some traders that the corporation would take some action soon to pay off preferred dividend arrears.

General Motors, which had opened with a 2½-point rise, closed the day with only a ⅜ths improvement upon the opening price.

Obviously, Wall Street received the strike settlement agreement at noon with mixed feelings.

Murphy Jubilant—Just as obviously, slim, red-haired Gov. Frank Murphy of Michigan received the agreement with no mixed feelings at all and with a great deal of exultation. Clutching the settlement to which William S. Knudsen, G.M.'s white-haired Executive Vice-President and union lawyers already had affixed their signatures, Murphy dashed to John L. Lewis's hotel-room bedside.

There he handed the labor leader a golden pen, which President Manuel Quezon, of the Philippines, had given him. He asked Lewis to place his name above those of the other signatories.

"If it's all the same to you, Governor, I will put it last," Lewis said. He then signed as "Counselor for the United Automobile Workers" and "Representative of the C.I.O."

In Flint, newsreel cameramen had a Roman holiday. Jubilantly, they ground away as sit-downers at Fisher No. 1, luxuriantly bearded with forty-four-day-old whiskers, staged impromptu war-dances. Men walked about the plant, stuffing last bites of union-supplied food into their mouths. With happy wives on their arms, they gathered up odds and ends of belongings.

Men Sing—Outside, the streets were packed from gutter to gutter with singing workmen, shopkeepers and celebrating Flint citizens generally. Giant flares for the newsreel cameras lighted up the scene weirdly as the sit-downers snake-danced out of the plant, preceded by solemn-faced stretcher-bearers. On the stretcher rested a dummy labeled George Boysen, head of the Flint Alliance. Strikers have learned to refer to Mr. Boysen as "Mr. Poison."

At Fisher Plant No. 2, National Guardsmen with bristling bayonets stood at grim attention as sit-downers inside wrangled over acceptance of the settlement agreement. A machine-gun company still guarded the bridge approach to the plant. Crowds gathering on two hills sloping down toward the plant halted in bewilderment. Then suddenly the soldiers vanished.

Inside, the men reluctantly voted to accept the agreement, paused to mop up the cafeteria floor. Then they came out.

Late that night, wild crowds sang and workers yelled: "They have recognized our union." So ended America's first epochal sit-down strike.

Who Won?—From his sick bed, Lewis exulted: "Another milestone in labor's march! The agreement establishes collective bargaining and security for the union."

But had it?

William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, which had suspended the Lewis unions, emphatically thought not.

At Washington he declared: "If you go on strike for one demand and then give it up after forty days, what do you think that is? The whole of labor is injured when one division of labor's army sustains defeat."

Who was right?

Terms—The answer, of course, lay in the terms of the settlement. But interpretation of those terms varied.

1. The union had demanded recognition as the sole bargaining agency for all G.M. employees. The corporation vowed it would grant no such recognition. *Under the settlement, the United Automobile Workers Union was recognized as bargaining agency for its members. In twenty plants, G.M. also agreed to recognize the union and to deal with no other group for six months unless it received Governor Murphy's permission to do so.*

2. The union had demanded collective bargaining on a national scale. G.M. had insisted that bargaining should be done only with plant managers. *Under the settlement, G.M. and the union agreed to start collective bargaining negotiations on union demands.*

3. G.M. had insisted that evacuation precede any negotiations. *The union agreed*

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Sit-downers welcomed peace with songs and cheers . . . went off to their homes and barbers

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to end the strike, evacuate strike-held plants, and thresh out unsettled points later.

4. In petitioning for an injunction at Flint, the company had referred to stay-in strikers as "former employees." *Under the settlement, the corporation agreed to drop injunctions against members and union officials. It agreed also to reinstate striking employees without discrimination.*

Other Demands—To be threshed out between the company and the union were demands for a thirty-hour week, a six-hour day, and pay and a half for overtime; to be negotiated, also, were union demands for "minimum raise to provide an American standard of living" and a mutual agreement on production line speed.

The settlement patently was pretty much of a stand-off.

Industry, generally, however, viewed it with misgivings. First, Lewis had won the important point of gaining recognition of his leadership as union organizer. Second, industry was perturbed over the emergence of the new sit-down strike weapon. The motor strike had failed to answer conclusively how far labor could go with this new weapon. What troubled industry was that no penalty had been imposed on the strikers or union officials for seizing the plants. The Governor had refused to use troops to oust them. The sit-downers had successfully outfaced a court injunction. And with this concededly illegal seizure of the corporation's property, Lewis essentially had won the cardinal point of the strike: Recognition of the union.

Other Strikers—Nor was the sit-down strike exclusive to G. M. Like a rash, it had spread throughout the country during January. In a Brooklyn hospital, ninety-six attendants "sat down," refused to feed the hospital staff.

In Joliet, Illinois, wall-paper company employees "sat down" at their tools, stymied production of one-third of the nation's wall-paper.

In Toledo, Ohio, members of the Mechanics Educational Society of America engaged in a slow-down strike at the Spicer Manufacturing Co. They remained at their benches but went through the motions of work at a greatly reduced speed.

In Akron, Ohio, the nation's rubber capital, where the "sit-down" was first applied successfully in major American labor controversies, the B. F. Goodrich Co. introduced a new wrinkle. It issued passes to fifteen sit-downers, whose refusal to work had shut down a plant employing 10,000 workers. The passes readmitted the men to the factory the next day to resume their workless vigil.

Future—As to the future of the sit-down strike, industry gleaned scant comfort from a radio speech by Governor Murphy. Presumably voicing liberal opinion, the Governor said:

"After all, the supreme right is the right of a man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. That right takes precedence over property rights, for it is a human right. The sit-down strikers were American working men who rightly or wrongly were doing the right thing as they saw it."

With long faces, G. M. directors and stockholders counted up the strike's cost.

Because the company involved in the nation's first epochal sit-down strike was the billion-dollar General Motors Corporation, the struggle stymied nearly half of the country's automobile production. Daily loss to about 135,000 workers was roughly $1,000,000, a total of $44,000,000 wage loss for the duration of the strike.

At times during the forty-four days, the strike paralyzed forty plants in thirty-five cities, in fourteen States from New Jersey to California. In Flint, the strike's storm center, 38,600 of the city's 165,000 inhabitants were thrown into idleness. And if one figures three dependents for each worker, he will see that few Flint residents remained unaffected.

Production—By the end of the strike's first month, G. M.'s scheduled production of 30,000 cars and trucks daily tumbled to 300 a day.

General Motors hoped within twelve days to push production back to the record pace of December, expected to hit a peak output of 225,000 cars monthly. Promptly, G. M. ordered the resumption of the flow of materials and parts from non-subsidiaries. (General Motors consumes 15,000 tons of materials daily.)

As the General Motors strike ended, several developments unrelated to the strike itself brightened the automobile picture. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., G. M.'s President, announced from New York a 5-cent-an-hour increase for all G. M. employees. Total increase to the pay-roll: $25,000,000 annually.

One day before, the industry's No. 2 employer of men, Chrysler Motors, announced a 10 per cent. increase for 60,000 hours wage workers. Total yearly increase to the pay-roll: $13,000,000.

Next morning, Chrysler had joyous news for its stockholders as well. The net earnings for 1936 topped $62,000,000, or $14.25 a share, the result of the largest sales in the company's history. The net earnings a share in 1935 had totaled $8.07. Furthermore, last year's showing topped the previous peak (in 1925) by 77.6 per cent.

During 1936, the company sold 1,066,229 cars, for which it received a new high in dollar sales: $667,138,391.

EARNINGS UP: 1936 Corporate Dividends Show Big Increase Over 1935

Stockholders flipping newspaper pages excitedly to financial sections for news of their companies' earnings had consistently pleasant reading last year. Added up, that pleasant reading meant that 1936 dividends had exceeded those of 1935 roughly by 50 per cent.

Particularly notable in the 1936 resurgence of profits was the record of twelve steel companies. Normally last to recover from a crisis, they reported the greatest gain of all: 221 per cent. more earnings than in 1935. Equally spectacular was the come-back of eighteen railroads: 133 per cent. more earnings than in 1935. A survey of 130 reporting companies disclosed that chemicals, finance companies, tobacco, food and utility corporations reported 25 to 50 per cent. gains.

Examples—Last week, companies unloosed a freshet of year-end earnings reports which continued in the same cheerful vein:

New York Central Railroad Co.: Net income for 1936: $8,933,175, or $1.79 a share (preliminary report); net income for 1935: $115,046, or two cents a share.

Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.: Net income for 1936: $10,831,032, or $3.90 a share; net income for 1935: $5,452,240, or twelve cents a share. It resumed its 50-cent dividend on common stock, cleared

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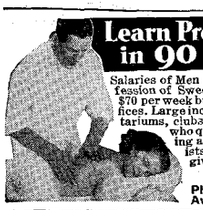

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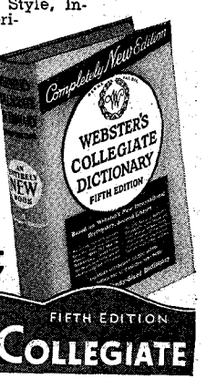

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up all arrears due on its $7 second preferred stock with a $14.75 clean-up dividend.

Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co. (safety, window and plate glass): Net income for 1936: $10,379,538, or $4.14 a share; net income for 1935: $8,167,420, or $3.26 a share. It declared a 75-cent dividend on common stock.

American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Co. (heating, plumbing equipment): Net income for 1936: $7,379,204, or 70 cents a share (preliminary report); net income for 1935: $2,798,860, or 25 cents a share.

Texas Corporation (oil): Net income for 1936: $38,000,000, or $4 a share; net income for 1935: $17,065,036, or $1.83 a share.

New York Air Brake Co. (railroad train air brakes): Net income for 1936: $763,557, or $2.94 a share; net loss for 1935: $101,667.

S. S. Kresge Co. (retail chain stores): Net income for 1936: $11,042,139, or $1.97 per share; net income for 1935: $10,214,946, or $1.82 a share.

Plymouth Oil Corporation: Net income for 1936: $1,740,000, or $1.66 a share (preliminary report); net income for 1935: $736,056, or 70 cents a share.

United Carbon Co. (carbon black, natural gas): Net income for 1936: $2,200,000, or approximately $5.50 a share (preliminary report); net income for 1935: $1,872,405, or $4.70 a share.

Western Auto Supply Co. (chain of retail auto supply stores): Net income for 1936: $2,066,014, or $8.96 a share; net income for 1935: $876,396, or $4.42 a share.

Union Oil Co. of California: Net income for 1936: $6,133,398, or $1.40 a share; net income for 1935: $5,038,286, or $1.15 a share.

Best and Co., Inc. (New York department store): Net income for 1936: $1,281,458, or $4.21 a share; net income for 1935: $1,133,953, or $3.73 a share.

NEOLOGISTS: Youthful Craftsmen Enlarge Activities to Compete With Manufacturers

Along both sides of the narrow, low-ceilinged, tile-walled former shower-room, ten youths bent over work-benches stacked with raw leather and leather articles in various stages of completion. Near the door, a time-sheet recorded when employees "punched the clock." In one corner, a youthful production manager planned future work schedules, checked supplies of raw materials. In another, a downy-cheeked youth labored over a sales chart, puzzled over inventory sheets.

Outside this basement corner of the musty Boys' Club building, within shouting distance of New York's teeming lower East Side, hung a sign: "Boys Club Craftsmen, Inc."

Output—Elsewhere in New York, and in Boston, Colorado and California, 899 other groups of boys and girls from ten to twenty-one pursued operations in their *Tom Thumb* business organizations, as earnestly as grown-ups. From their work-benches came leather bags, book-ends, pewter plates, scarf clasps, weather-vanes, door-stops, and even cork mats for use under children's dishes to save linen.

To the now business-minded members of Boys Club Craftsmen, craft work was just another club activity under an organizer of Metropolitan Junior Achievement, Inc., which organizes and supervises such companies, described how business men produce such articles for a profit. The boys caught on, sold shares at 50 cents each to neighborhood merchants, raised $36.50 capital.

Boys Club Craftsmen, Inc. grew slowly. First, it lacked furniture and mallets, knives, hot glue for its modest workshop. A bright young executive solved that problem by scouring the Bowery, purchased a half-dozen high stools from a saloon. The company gathered odds and ends of lumber, fashioned its own work-benches. With the stock sale proceeds, the purchasing agent bought initial material, and the company set to work. That was five years ago.

Competition—Last October, at a hectic business meeting, the company's twenty-year-old President, supported by his older brother, the Vice-President, and other officers, including the Treasurer, Sales Manager and Production Manager, decided the company products were at last capable of competing with similar products in reputable shops. Boys Club Craftsmen, Inc., confidently exhibited its fine leather goods and hand-finished articles at exhibits arranged by Metropolitan Junior Achievement. Soon, orders poured in for leather-covered cigarette-boxes, loose-leaf covers, novelty wallets, social register and engagement-pad covers, book-marks, key-cases.

More than $100 worth of sales have been made since then, and the company proudly points to Mrs. E. Roland Harriman (wife of Union Pacific director and investment banker), Mrs. William Hale Harkness (Social Registerite whose daughter-in-law hunts pandas), and Mrs. Adolph M. Dick (wife of the prominent New York architect) as satisfied customers. Last week, the Treasurer received with great satisfaction a check for $48 from the Yale Club of New York for seven leather desk folders, noted that the thrifty Yale men had deducted 2 per cent. for payment within thirty days.

Last week, the juvenile company also finished a special order for dice-cups for a backgammon game, planned its greatest novelty—a leather inlaid checker-board to sell for about $12. Work is done on special order only, usually after the buyer examines a sample on display. Too busy during the day with school or work, the Craftsmen members depend on exhibits and word-of-mouth advertising. Most orders come in *via* the Metropolitan Junior Achievement's showroom. The company pays a 10 per cent. commission for individual sales.

Young hands learn skill as international youth goes into business for itself

Working hours run from 7:30 to 10:30 Wednesday and Friday nights, but the press of business often forces overtime and extra nights of work. Experienced workers earn 20 cents an hour, while apprentices receive 5 cents.

Average pay-rolls each week approximate $5, with no pay for time spent in business meetings, held at least once a week. Here directors squeeze around the worn table and listen to reports from the Sales Manager, Production Manager and Treasurer, discuss business policies, formulate production schedules. Once a month, reports containing a profit and loss statement, inventory and sales balances, and a balance-sheet are passed on before being submitted to Metropolitan Junior Achievement, Inc.

Forty other companies actively carry on business in New York with other groups in New England where the Junior Achievement movement has many adherents. Other companies serve communities in Europe, South America, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada and Alaska. California is now feeling the impetus of this movement.

National Junior Achievement headquarters are now in Springfield, Mass., but by March 1 officials hope to open large offices in mid-town New York City to house showrooms, workrooms for exhibitions each night by different company artizans, and offices of both national and metropolitan leaders.

Organization—Any group of young persons can organize a company. Junior Achievement provides the plan of organization, the program, the training, and the supervision of the companies.

Horace A. Moses, wealthy Springfield, Massachusetts, paper manufacturer, conceived the Junior Achievement idea in 1919. Long a supporter of the 4-H movement for farm children before the Federal Government undertook to supervise it in 1914, Mr. Moses decided to give urban children a procedure of the same value to them as the 4-H procedure was to rural boys and girls. With the aid of friends such as Theodore N. Vail, former President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Winthrop Murray Crane, former Massachusetts Governor and U. S. Senator, Mr. Moses raised $750,000.

Altho Junior Achievement companies were conceived primarily for leisure time only, some Lilliputian concerns blossomed out into full-size, full-time organizations when members were without regular employment. The Achievement Press of Springfield owns a complete printing-plant in a down-town building and carries on a complete job-printing service. Another enterprise in Boston went into commercial production manufacturing wrought-iron bridge-lamps.

Officials estimate, however, that no more than 5 per cent. of the 13,000 boys and girls in Junior Achievement activities will ever go into a trade similar to that of the small company to which they belong.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

I had with a company I believed to be a fraudulent one.

Within a short time I received a detailed report of the company with which I was dealing, proving it to be fraudulent. Incredible, tho, was the fact that in the same mail I received from the fraudulent company a check for the full amount I had sent it.

I am certain that without the assistance of the Better Business Bureau I would never have had my money returned. What is more, I am certain that I would never even have heard of this fine organization were I not a constant reader of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Myerstown, Pennsylvania.

Reforestation

By ERNEST H. LAGNER—

In reference to your article, "Floods," in the issue of January 30, let me say this:

Reforestation is the remedy. Reforestation will prevent both floods and dust storms. Before the white man settled North America, the protective cover of vegetation was much heavier than it is to-day. Man cut down the trees but failed to replant, and in so doing disturbed nature's balance.

"THE WATER IS JUST RIGHT FOR YOUR BATH, SIR"

—Redfield in Daily Worker

Forests are like sponges. They absorb moisture and they release moisture, slowly, when it becomes excessive. Let's get busy and reforest every square mile in the United States that is not under cultivation. If we begin to-day, there will be no floods after 1960. There will be no dust storms, no soil erosion problem. Reforestation will avert loss of life and property. It is the cheapest method in the long run.

Hollywood, California.

Reforestation is a valuable part, but only a part, of the vast problem of flood control. Flood engineers advocate up-stream control, which includes reforestation, check dams, sluiceways, proper crop selection, and reservoirs; and down-stream engineering, which includes levees, reservoirs, and floodways.—*Editor.*

Ice-Boating

By JOSEPH ROBERTS—

There were thrills aplenty in your ice-boating story in the January 30 issue. To think that people swear by (*you* pronounce it!) skiing when they might be whistling across the ice at better than a mile a minute.

If your Sports Editor wants a crew when he puts out for his weekly spin, may I sign on?

New York.

Sailing, Sailing—

By C. H. BRISBIN—

I want to call attention to an amazing paragraph in the article "Scooting Faster Than the Wind" in your issue of January 30. I quote: "Actually the wind pushing the sail is responsible for only one-third of the total speed. The rest comes from a vacuum on the other side of the sail which pulls the boat along."

I once heard a fellow telling of a "big steel tank on the ceiling that we had to keep pumped full of vacuum all the time" but this fellow did not presume to write for a great magazine. Perhaps your author will be kind enough to tell us what sort of tow-line his vacuum used.

Ensley, Alabama.

Nathaniel Herreshoff, British sailing mentor, who, according to Robert D. Fanta, knows as much about the technical side of sailing as any man in the world, explains this vacuum: "The wind hits the sail at an angle, forming a wedge—the wind on one side and the runner on the other. To escape this pressure wedge, the ice-boat takes the course of least resistance, which is forward."—*Editor.*

Twilight Sleep

By CONSTANCE LEUPP TODD—

May I correct some minor errors in your account of "Controversy" in the article "Debunking Legends of Childbirth."

Twilight sleep was first presented to the lay world of America in the June issue of *McClure's* Magazine of 1914 (not 1910) in an article "Painless Childbirth," signed by Marguerite Tracy and Constance D. Leupp. The article was actually written in Freiberg by Marguerite Tracy with the assistance of Mary Sumner Boyd, while my function was merely the finding of an editor—George Kibbe Turner, Editor of *McClure's* in the absence of Mr. McClure.

Dr. Bernard Kronig who, with the able assistance of Dr. Karl Gauss, his anesthetist colleague, worked out twilight sleep, had presented it the previous year to the Congress of Surgeons in Chicago. But with a few creditable exceptions, the medical profession was hostile to the new development.

The cause of this hostility we never fully understood until Dr. Rudolph Holmes made his "dramatic recantation" last May—American doctors had been using overdoses of the dangerous drug *scopolamin,* with unfortunate results.

Twilight sleep is a special technique which uses the memory of the patient as a test of each dose. It is designed to give her immunity to the memory of pain, or amnesia. Later developments give her analgesia, or actual immunity to pain.

It was Dr. Howard Kane's report on paraldehyde which started the controversy anew last spring. The merits of Dr. James Gwathmey's oil-ether development have been known since 1923. But Doctor Guttmacher of Johns Hopkins and Doctors de Lee and Holmes of Chicago are among the die-hards who still see little virtue in it.

New York City.

Did You Know?—

That Americans play a more strenuous branch of squash rackets than the British, use a faster ball, a narrower court and a different scoring system? (See page 34.)

That most so-called "air-conditioned" buildings are not really air-conditioned, because they do not cover the seasons, exclude noise and dirt? (See page 19.)

That an ex-British bookkeeper scored a hit with a Shakespearean rôle that stumped the great Edwin Booth? (See page 23.)

That the average person, at sixty, has passed twenty years in sleep; that a lamplighter in Notts, England, hasn't slept a wink in twenty years? (See page 18.)

That an Idaho test showed recently that men are either more mature emotionally than women, or are bigger liars? (See page 22.)

That 5,500,000 sets of the parlor-game Monopoly have been sold as a result of the new American "game craze." (See page 21.)

That one enterprising American woman makes a living raising spiders and renting them to motion-picture companies? (See page 28.)

That there is an easy way to tell whether your Currier and Ives is valuable or not? (See page 25.)

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BETWEEN the LINES

Parlor-tricks, missing from American night-life since family-album days, are flaring back into the current scene.

A Literary Digest researcher came to this conclusion one afternoon at a posh wedding-reception. There was brisk new competence among hustling, champagne-laden footmen. The bride had the answer: the smart Party Mart was caterer.

A nose for news took the researcher to Miss Beulah Kuh in her Madison Avenue mart. There, he found that 1937 was to be boom year after depression-dull small beer; that crisp-fresh parlor-tricks were pointing an upward way.

The Digest's Managing Editor set the researcher full time on the trail of the foster-sons of "button-button." What were the new gags? Who thought them up? Who were good guests, good hosts?

Queries flashed to Hollywood bright spots, Miami impresarios, columnists lucubrating on New England chicken-farms. A two-foot shelf of books about tricks was added to THE DIGEST'S bulging library of facts. One of America's greatest illustrators was interviewed, a Russian princess trailed to her penthouse, the unknown Marx Brother, Gummo, put on a whole show of parlor gags.

Celebrities, tricksters, men-about-town were trailed for three weeks, night and day. Then, 300,000 words of factual material were simmered slowly to quintessence, "Party Pranks" (See page 21).

A clipping from London told of a thousand applicants for only seventy jobs as policewomen. Another came in, naming a flying feminine forest-fire fighter. Others recounted women judges in China, fair Russians skippering tramp-ships, a Chinese "Joan of Arc" in America to rally support against Japan. A Seattle paper yielded the oddest job of all—a woman who counts the spots on a nation's vests for dry-cleaning statistics.

When she had finished collecting facts, THE DIGEST'S Women's Editor had enough data for 3,500 words about women doing odd jobs (See page 28).

There may be no clipping, there may be hundreds that suggest LITERARY DIGEST stories; boiled down, they represent the practise marking any leader in its line whether parlor-trick or newsmagazine.

The Literary Digest

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Tact.—DENTIST: "You needn't open your mouth any wider. When I pull your tooth I expect to stand outside."—*Columbia Jester.*

Hello.—"What," said the warden, "you back again?"

"Yeh. Any letters?"—*Weekly News (Aukland, N. Z.)*

Problem.—"When I was a baby I was left an orphan."

"What did you do with it?"—*United Mine Workers' Journal.*

No Contest.—"Well, Sam, I see you're back for fighting with your wife. Liquor again?"

"No, sah, Jedge, she licked me dis time."—*The Earth Mover (Aurora, Ill.).*

Trick.—"Com-pa-nee, atten-shun!" bawled the drill sergeant to the awkward squad. "Com-pa-nee, lift up your left leg and hold it straight in front of you!"

By mistake, one rookie held up his right leg, which brought it out side by side with his neighbor's left leg.

"Aw right, aw right; who's the wise guy over there holding up both legs?" shouted the hard-boiled sergeant.—*The Watchword.*

Ow!—It happened at the last performance of Max Gordon's production of "Othello," which had been received unkindly by the critics. . . . In the second act, the booming of cannon is heard off-stage. Philip Loeb listened to the thundering, turned to his companion and said:

"That's Max Gordon—banging his head against the wall."—*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post.*

Thank You.—"Conductor, help me off the train?"

"Sure."

"You see, I'm stout, and have to get off the train backwards. The porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me a shove on again. I'm five stations past my destination now."—*Columbia Jester.*

March 15.—An income tax-collector had died and a subscription was raised in a Wall Street office for a wreath. The boss promised $5. A few days later, one of the clerks called to collect the money. The chief handed him a $10 note.

"You want $5 change, sir?" asked the clerk.

"No," growled the other. "Keep it and bury another income tax collector."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Whee!—A man rushed out of a house, across the pavement, jumped high in the air and fell in the gutter heavily.

A passer-by rushed to his assistance, lifted him up and said: "You did a very funny thing just then."

"Yes," replied the other, "I thought I'd left my bicycle outside."—*Montreal Star.*

Page Diogenes.—JUDGE: "Do you consider the defendant a reliable man? Has he a good reputation for truth and veracity?"

WITNESS: "Well, to be honest with you, your honor, that man has to get somebody else to call his hogs at feeding time. They won't believe him."—*United Mine Workers' Journal.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Amleto Giovanni Cicognani — Apostolic delegate to the United States — *ahm-lay'to jee-o-vahn'-nee chee-ko-nyah'nee.*

Gen Sugiyama — Japanese Minister of War — *gen soo-gee-yah-ma* (hard *g's*).

Jamal ud-Din al-Afghani — Egyptian Pan-Arab leader — *ju-mal' ud-deen' al-aff-gahn'ee.*

Seishin Ikeda — Japanese banker — *say-shin i-kay-da* (*i's* as in *hit*).

Soskin — literary critic—rimes with *boss kin.*

Stefansson — Arctic explorer — *e* of *step, a* of *fan: stef'fan-son.*

Unger—dramatic author—she says, "as a Cockney would say *hunger: 'unger.*"

Uzzell — literary critic — stress on *zell: uz-zell'.*

Slips That Pass in Type

The case was remanded for twenty-four hours to see if the defendant was fit for canning.—*Hongkong (China) paper.*

He was probably fit to be tied.

Much can be done at home. Use the following methods:

Stoves—Scour inside and outside with crude oil and steel wool. Scrub gas openings with soap and water, and clean with a stiff wife.—*Charleston (W. Va.) paper.*

Nothing doing; she wouldn't stand for it.

Mr. Hoover has made an excellent record in the matter of coaching crooks.—*La Crosse (Wis.) paper.*

This calls for a congressional investigation.

The sixty turkeys at Eddyville Penitentiary, Kentucky, are paid $92 a month each and work in shifts which keep about twenty-five of them on duty at a time.—*Erie (Pa.) paper.*

Eddyville is unfair to Organized Live Stock.

LIVE STOCK INCREASE
FORESEEN BY BULL
—New Orleans (La.) paper.

The braggart!

The WPA furnished five men to aid city employes in placing the poison over the town. Leftover poison will be given farmers in the vicinity.—*Richmond (Va.) paper.*

That's the usual procedure.

The policeman looked away as the reporter wiped a team from his eye.—*Chicago paper.*

An eyes-hockey team?

Wanted—A live barber. Quality Barber Shop, 10 S. Vermilion St.—*Danville (Va.) paper.*

Offering a bounty?

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